

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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See Page 248.

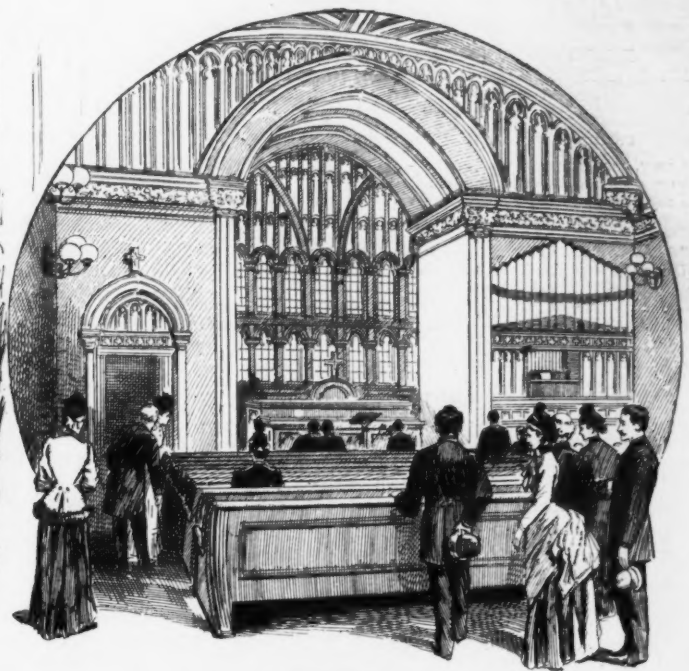


A BOX-PARTY AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY G. A. DAVIS.

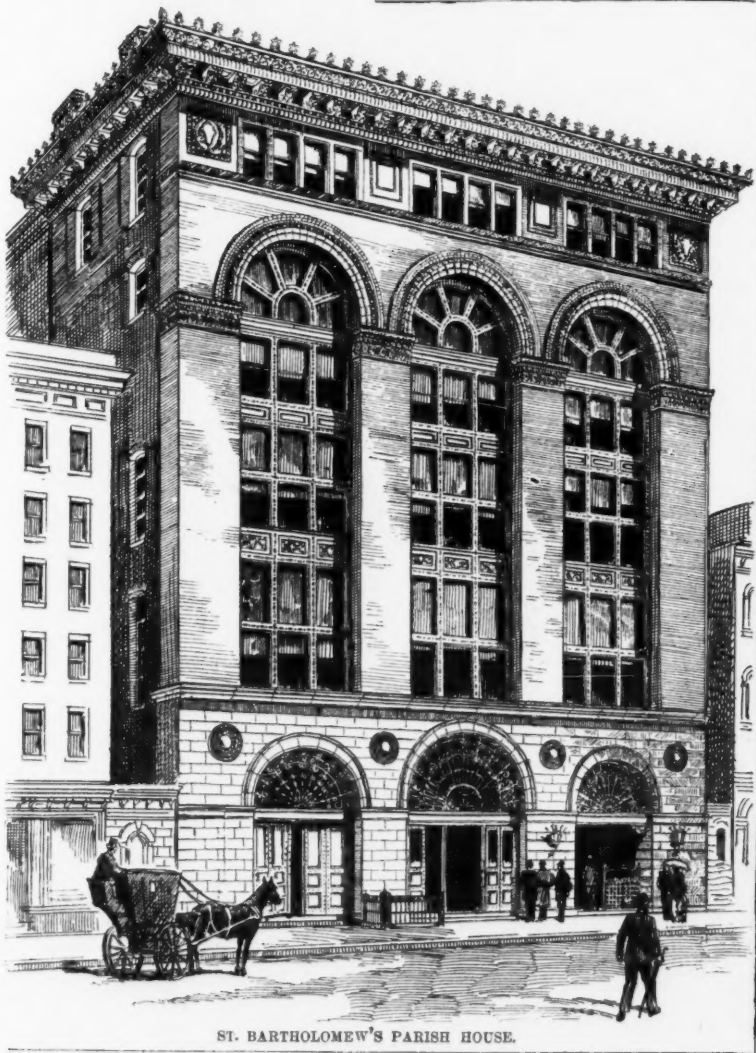




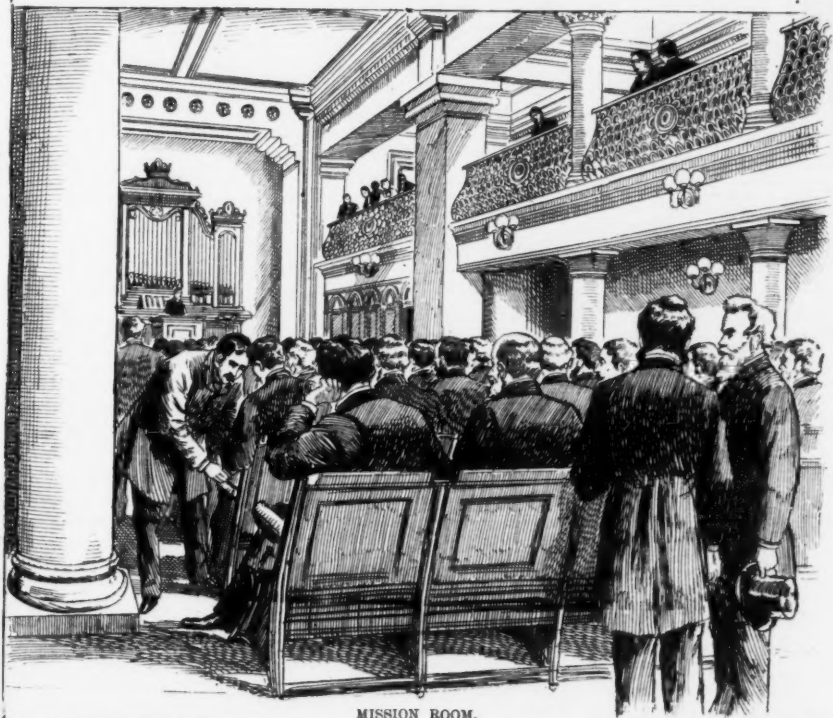
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE leading contributed article to the next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will be supplied by Mr. Edward Porritt, of the Manchester *Examiner*, whose previous contributions have been widely read and greatly appreciated. Mr. Porritt's article deals with and describes the work of the British Revision Courts and the system under which Parliamentary voters are registered in England. These Revision Courts are always interesting, and are especially so this year because the fighting there has been severe all along the line, in view of the anticipated general election of next year. The article will be found both interesting and instructive.

The second article by Professor Totten will appear in the following number of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH this number of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY we begin a model Child's Department, which, it is thought, will appeal to every home and fireside. In the new department there will be stories for children, illustrations adapted specially to them, and anecdotes of popular people and popular things, all written expressly for the younger members of the family. One of the model features of the Child's Department will be that it is to be conducted by the children themselves. Children's letters, prize stories, and contributions of puzzles are all to be given an honored place. The department has been placed in charge of a prominent New York literary woman, Mrs. Augusta Prescott, who has made a specialty of children's work here and elsewhere.

ANOTHER STRIKING FEATURE.

ANOTHER striking feature is in this issue added to FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY—a colored picture, which hereafter will be given with the first issue in every month. We are confident that this will not only please all our present readers, but will also be the means of bringing many new names to our subscription-list and many patrons to the new dealers. The pictures will be, as far as possible, news pictures idealized, and will represent the highest type of American printing. For the purpose of placing the WEEKLY in every home in this country, we have decided to offer the twelve colored numbers which will appear the first week in every month for one dollar for the entire year.

THE COMING CRISIS.—I.

ASIDE FROM RELIGION, WHY I BELIEVE IT WILL COME—
A WORD IN GENERAL.

FROM the most ancient times the planet Saturn has been looked upon as "malevolent," and in the light of certain lines of study now re-awakening honest interest, we may soon agree that the consensus of the ancients was founded upon more of fact than fable. We have yet to counterpart the wisdom of the Chaldeans, and in the science of etiology particularly, we have yet to take our very first lessons.

Astronomy to us is little more than the "mechanics of the universe," or, as Herschel defined it, "the law of the astra." As to the philosophy of what we see going on about us in the macrocosm we know little or nothing. But if we expect ever to understand the operation of "law," or to be able to make legitimate preparations to withstand its inevitable consequences, we must take this higher degree of sidereal knowledge, albeit it is now dishonored under the malassociated name of astrology.

There was a dark age that followed the temporary insanity of the Chaldean "head of gold," in which every species of higher "wisdom" became lost. In this interim mere judicial sooth-saying usurped the chair once occupied by Daniel, and a host of Simons sold for gold their bogus merchandise. It was on this account that on the resurrection of mathematical astronomy its sister, astrology, fell into disrepute. Though the latter was of elder and of deeper intellect—for Joseph was an astrologer, and so were Heman and Chalcol and Darda, the sons of Mahol, and Ethan, the son of Zerah, all companions of Moses himself—nevertheless in its degraded state it was cast out, and since has found a resting-place only among publicans and sinners. But we have almost exhausted the general principles of mathematical astronomy. Its figures may still be a little ragged, but we have a good idea of what they range around, so that, having learned them, we may now pose to the astronomer the pointed query, "What next?"

Let us grant that we know the whole of mathematical astronomy, its distances and eras, its eclipses and its transits, and that, so far as mere figures are concerned, it has become at last a fixed and frozen science, what will be the next and natural step? Undoubtedly it will be in the regions of conjecture and infer-

ence. We shall begin to argue and draw legitimate conclusions from the premises we have established. The "Farmer's Almanac" and "Sailors' Ephemeris" will add other columns to their tables, and against this or that phenomenon, predictions, first as to the probable, and next as to the certain results in the physical world, will find legitimate expression. The essays of our Weather Department are "shadows cast before," and the coming almanac will be an event whose advent has been long foreseen!

We shall begin to predict the consequences of "sidereal configurations" as confidently as we hope in time to foretell the approach of cyclones, and of the varying waves of temperature upon the earth itself. We shall undertake to do for the earth as a whole what "Old Probabilities" does for these United States, and this will be the task of astrology, properly so called.

Not of the poor beggar, clad in scientific tatters, that now haunts the back alleys of our crowded cities and deceives the ignorant with sidereal jugglery, nor the more aristocratic master of some ancient and mayhap quite famous almanac, who still presumptuously hazards—where he finds a space—the answer to anticipated prayer, "about this time expect light rain"; nor the presuming disciple of Nostradamus, that keen judge of human nature, who sells back to us the horoscope we bear upon our face; nor the mere "weather crank" whose dire predictions raise a tempest in some local teapot and is satisfied. Far from it!

The coming astrologer will be a "past master" in astronomy, and a scholar in the science of history. Unlike poor "Wiggins," he will have his facts correct (!). There will be no theory about this business, and from condensed volumes of coincident phenomena and terrestrial disturbances, extending over years of well-attested observation, will be unerringly able to warn, to counsel, and predict.

The forerunners of this class of scientists are already in the field, and, though they often fail because their data are still so mixed and meagre, nevertheless they labor on, as much convinced as was Galileo that the cycles they are studying revolve in spite of infallible Popes and their too previous anathemas!

About twelve years ago my attention was attracted by a little volume published in Chicago. It was from the pen of Dr. M. C. Knapp, M.D., and dealt in the discussion of what may now be termed "scientific astrology." As a physician he was familiar with the periodicity of disease and mental disorders, and, as a liberally educated man, knew of the existence of similar periods in the realms of other sciences. It was not only a natural, but a legitimate exercise of inductive philosophy, for him to compare the waves of influence that in turn buoy up and then depress the patient on a bed of sickness with those that mark the periods of day, and even with the changes of the sun and moon and planets. This he did, and drew conclusions which have not been gained, said, but which rather have gained constant evidence to prove that he was wholly right.

But he went deeper into the matter. The death-hour of the human race has long been known to oscillate around the fatal hours of 2 and 3 A.M.; now these are the ones in which the magnetic vitality and warmth of earth are at their daily minima. It is physical astronomy that tells us this, not mathematics; and yet there are mathematical results from which the "wise" may draw corresponding deductions. For instance, ten tons, balanced at noon, when the attractions of the sun and earth are in opposite directions, weigh 24 lbs., 1 oz., 2 dr. less than at midnight, when these attractions are exerted in the same direction, and every "body" upon earth must experience its proportional variation in weight.

Again, the moon itself may enter into this question of weight by adding its own gravimetric influence whenever it is "in conjunction," and subtracting it at the period of "opposition," the sum of all which will be still further altered if the moon be in perigee, or at the nearest approach to the earth. Now the mere "phases" of the moon—its "new," its "quarters," "halves," and "fulls"—can have little effect upon the delicately-poised balance of life, but the ever-varying position of the orb itself—as an agent of gravimetric, atmospheric, tidal, aye, and physical effect—this is an element that brings periodicity into everything, particularly into disease. In fact, all the currents of nature, whether they be within the human system itself or in the earth on which we live, are subject to this varying lunar sway. It passes through diurnal as well as monthly cycles of maxima and minima, and, as all astronomers know, there are an indefinite number of still higher lunar cycles exerting their peculiar influence.

Hence, so long as the moon continues to lunate in months, and at some times to lend and at others to withdraw its potency from the solar waves, so long will watchers at the bed of sickness dread the changes of this orb which "rules the night." It is not the return of the day on which a sickness began that makes a crisis—the mere name, be it the day of Mercury or Saturn, has no potency in medicine although they were reputed "gods" thereof—it is the fact that these days of similar name come at the septenary periods, or quarters of lunations, begin they where they may, and thus mark the eighth, or beginning days of new periods in the lives of all living beings, be they ill or well. Our years and days are spanned by the Sabbath law, and if we violate it we shall no more escape the ultimate consequences than the tide can bid defiance to the sun and moon!

In this connection, attention should be called to the following important fact: A Saturnian cycle consists of twenty-nine and one-half years, or, generally speaking, as many years as there are days in a lunar month. In this period the planet passes through its full cycle of revolution. In view of its peculiar relation to that of the moon, I cannot refrain from suggesting to other chronologists the important uses to which this period can be put. For instance, like as the ancient Hebrews kept the most accurate chronicles known upon the basis of the lunar month, taking it alternately as twenty-nine and thirty days, with due intercalations, so the Saturnian period may be taken upon a strictly parallel basis of twenty-nine and thirty years alternately. This will bring the Saturnian phases to those of the moon at long intervals, and the cycle will be invaluable in recording the visitation of plagues, pestilence, seismic, magnetic, and other periodic incidents of the solar system. It will also afford us a scientific basis for recording the periods of Jupiter (which bear to it the relation of about five to two). This will be a very im-

portant desideratum hereafter, as both of these cycles seem to synchronize with the longer periods of special solar activity, and with its concomitant influence upon all forms of terrestrial life.

But there are other lunar changes that lend an increased weight to its conjunctions and its oppositions to the sun; these are its half-monthly periods of minimum nearness to, and maximum remoteness from the earth. They bring about those particularly high and low tides with which all the dwellers on the seacoasts are familiar. These are too patent to escape detection, and their cause is fully admitted in physical astronomy. But it stands to reason that the corresponding atmospheric wave is likewise higher at the monthly flood, and that all the other tides, in the affairs of human health, which cycle with the moon, with Saturn, and with the other planets, run up above or far below their average at such times. So, yearly, there are lunar periods more potent still, for when the earth itself is at its nearest to the centre of solar action, and the moon is at its own shortest radial distance from the earth, their powers are at their annual flood, and if at this moment a conjunction, or new moon, occurs, the tide of special influence will be raised still higher, for then the influences of all these bodies are lined and united under special conditions, and will be tugging at their best.

Now man's highest state of development is attained when all Nature is at her "mean"; he is an exponent of the *via media*, and his delicate mechanism feels the slightest variation from what may be termed the "least common multiple" of all the vital agencies whose sum make human life enjoyable. It is on this account that he is called the microcosm of Nature, which is itself the macrocosm, the twain being "images" in a proper sense of God Himself.

As man is thus an exponent of the mean of all things, he is best constituted to live well, and evenly, under temperate conditions upon every calendar that Nature keeps, and it is manifest that under the very opposite conditions, such as those through which during the current decade the solar system is to pass, his surplus will be sorely tried, and if he has none that he must perforce succumb.

If we could charge three globes of relative sun, earth, and lunar size with their normal loads of electricity, and cause them to revolve in orbits proportional to those of heaven, an electro-scope upon the toy earth would inevitably detect the ever-varying maxima and minima waves of excitement resulting from the combinations we have noticed. But as a fact, men themselves, particularly sick ones, are just such instruments—the latter of abnormal excitability—upon the actual globe. There is no escape from this conclusion, and any one who has followed the medical publications of the past score of years will have noted how professional opinion has veered around until it now accepts most all of Dr. Knapp's conclusions, but without acknowledging their source, and classes them among the facts to be considered in pathology.

But this is merely the first feeble step of an infant science, or rather of a science born anew, for it was the true philosophy of the ancient Chaldeans before they confounded Creation with the Creator and fell into the grossest Sabaism. What will it be, this science now in its swaddling-clothes, when it has learned to stride once more across the universe? The ancients were our pioneers in this bold journey, and in our days there have been men who, in the face of ridicule and scientific insult, have essayed to follow where the race itself will sometime confidently walk!

Extremes are always dangerous, and there are two in the solar system which must decidedly alter the average activity of the central sun or physical ruler of all. Whatever takes place upon any planet, as to the "correlative" change of its "force expression," is immediately "felt" at the solar centre, and thence distributed at once throughout the system. Thereby the balance is preserved, yet at the expense of an instantaneous change of force, into some other form, on every orb involved. Now it may be laid down as a general principle that whenever any or all of the planets are at their nearest approach to the sun, i.e., in perihelion, the solar activity will be thereby increased, and that it will react, in a sense disadvantageously, upon the earth, as well as upon the other members of our community of planets—i.e., in some form or other the "force expression" or activity will be abnormally excited. These perihelia of the planets bring in their train solar spots, and magnetic, electric, atmospheric, and other forms of terrestrial or seismic "storms." With these come their never absent and always concomitant train of physical and mental consequences of every description.

The day has its warmest or "summer" hours as well as the year its summer days; so, too, the whole system has its summer periods which alter in intensity according as one, or more, or all of the important planets unite in raising the activity of our own sun. There must also be still grander summer eras in which the sun itself with its whole accompanying system moves into perihelion passages about Aleyone, the celestial sun or centre of our entire universe. But who shall say there are not eras greater yet, in which whole nebulae of universes, sweeping in majestic arcs that only God can comprehend, lend to each other such excitement as to account for all the changes that geology attests!

Suppose they all conspire at once! The nebulae move into their long, almost eternal summer eon, the universes into their summer eras, the solar systems into their summer periods, and their doomed satellites return with each succeeding year (whatever be its scale), into more and still more stifling seasons of perpetual heat.

And what of the days themselves, as all agasp and hurried on relentlessly they find the heavens aglow with blasting sunsets, lasting into blood-red nights, that banish the cool, blue vault from out the memory of men!

There is no poetry in this, nor is it only born of an excited imagination,—it is possible, it is probable, aye, it is prophesied both in the written "Word" and in the pages of the universe itself.

Eternity is long, there is time enough for this to happen, and some day it is reasonable to believe it will inevitably come about. Then, summer added on to summer may swell the tide of wild activity until the very heavens shall melt with fervent heat and wrap themselves together like a scroll.

But some will say that "though this is perhaps the method of the final end, still endless generations of men must live and die before it comes about." Granted,—but in the meantime, the

minor summers of the solar system come at shorter intervals, and we are in one now.



LESSONS FROM THE ELECTIONS.

TWO things are very clearly established by the result of the recent election in this State. The Republican canvass was conducted from a wrong standpoint, and the party in the State at large is without any coherent, efficient organization. Its organization has not for many years been anything more than a system of shreds and patches.

There is no doubt at all that Tammany Hall is a corrupt partisan machine, that it exercises a malignant influence upon the politics of the State and country, that it is in the largest sense an organized conspiracy against good government. It is also true that the nomination of Mr. Flower was dictated by the Tammany Democracy, and that he will be expected, in his administration, to carry out its behests. It cannot be disputed that if he should do so very serious consequences would ensue. But while all this is true, Tammany Hall is to the rural voter of the State little more than a spectre. He does not come directly in contact with it; he does not comprehend its constituent elements or its *motif*, and he is slow to believe that its influence can affect him in a pernicious sense, or to any great degree. He is not, consequently, acutely responsive to criticisms or denunciations of its character or its policy. On the other hand, he realizes keenly the advantages of a sound fiscal policy, and the desirableness of the protection of his industries and the enlargement of his home market. He is quick to respond to any honest appeal to his sense of fidelity to the party principles which have justified themselves in the policy of the country, and with the advocacy of which great and influential names have been identified. It is to be believed, therefore, that if in the recent canvass the Republican managers of the State had recognized these conditions, and had gone to the people upon the question of a vindication of Republican policy as embodied in the tariff law and in the opposition to unlimited silver coinage, much more favorable results would have been achieved.

It is to be noted as confirming this view, that in every State where this course has been pursued by the Republican party, and the issue was one distinctively upon political lines, it has achieved success. It lost the Governor in Iowa, it is true, but in that State the side issue of prohibition was injected into the canvass, and was the dominant question before the people. In Massachusetts Governor Russell is re-elected, but that result is largely due to local influences and to some dissensions in the Republican ranks, and not in any considerable sense to the pressure of national questions in the canvass. Both in Iowa and in Massachusetts the Legislatures elected are largely Republican. In Pennsylvania the Republicans elected their ticket by the tremendous majority of 58,000. In Ohio, where the contest was fought squarely and distinctly on the question of the protective policy and the maintenance of honest finance, Mr. McKinley has a majority of 21,000, while in the Legislature the Republicans have a majority of forty-three on joint ballot, guaranteeing the election of a United States Senator who will for six years to come stand firmly for the principles thus magnificently vindicated.

It is plain, from these facts, that the Republican party is strongest when it makes its fight along historic party lines, and stands squarely on those principles advocacy of which has given it its hold upon popular confidence.

There is nothing, therefore, in the general situation to occasion any real apprehensions as to the future. The Republican position to-day is very much stronger than it was one year ago, when the Democracy swept some of the great Republican States from their moorings and secured a majority in Congress which for purposes of legislation may be regarded as practically unanimous. The country is still soundly Republican.

But if the State of New York is to be marshaled in the Republican column the facts here referred to must be recognized by the Republican leaders. It is utterly idle to expect that success can be achieved in any other way. Victories have, indeed, been won in some recent campaigns, but the fact has not been due to wise organization; it has been due rather to the force of some strong personality thrown into the canvass, and to the momentum of simple party enthusiasm asserting itself obediently to natural impulses. The constituted leadership has been vagrant, erratic, incongruous. There has been a conspicuous absence of broad, intelligent, and unselfish planning. The hands upon the helm have been feeble and uncertain of touch. In order to its success there must be coherency, thorough and compact organization, reaching down to every road district and every polling precinct of the State. If we could organize the State of New York, as we can if we choose, on the lines pursued in Indiana, Ohio, or Maine, it could be held steadily and uniformly to the Republican standard. And any organization, to be really effective, must be permanent. It is the sheerest folly to suppose that any organization which covers a month or two before election and goes to pieces with the close of the polls, can be really efficient. Nor are victories to be won in modern politics by a mere spectacular canvass. Our campaigns should be educational, and they should be continuous, having as their supreme aim not merely the holding of the natural party vote, but its steady enlargement by accessions of voters fully persuaded in their own minds of the essential righteousness of our cause.

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.

THIS is a practical business administration. All its departments are conducted upon business principles, with reference to supplying the best possible service to the people at a minimum of cost. Thus, in the Department of Agriculture we find that the weather service, since its transfer to that bureau, has been greatly improved in some important directions, new

stations having been established in eleven additional States and Territories, so that on the 30th of September there were altogether 1,200 weather-signal stations in operation, being an increase of one hundred per cent. since the transfer. At the same time over one hundred new voluntary meteorological stations have been established, and there are now probably 2,200 voluntary observatories in the country, an increase of 400 in the past three months. As a result of this increase a service somewhat similar to that now carried on for the benefit of the cotton interest is to be organized for the benefit of the important sugar and rice interests of southern Louisiana. Some ten stations will be established in the sugar region, from which daily reports of temperature, rain-fall, and frosts will be supplied to a designated centre, and this information will be disseminated daily through the sugar belt by means of the press.

In the Post-office Department, also, great improvements have been made during the last two years, and features now in contemplation will add immensely to the value of the service, especially in the farming districts. The Postmaster-General is of the opinion that free delivery of mail-matter can be established and maintained successfully in our agricultural communities, and if Congress will give the proper encouragement this system of delivery will be extended to districts heretofore unvisited by the carrier. Undoubtedly great benefits would result from the establishment of such a delivery in the appreciation of land values, the establishment of closer communication between hitherto isolated country neighborhoods and the outside world, and the introduction of ideas of progress which would inevitably follow. It is quite possible, too, that this service would soon pay its way through the natural growth in correspondence.

The management of these departments has never been in the least spectacular, but in both the public is efficiently served along the lines of progress and wholesome development.

THE BRIGGS CASE.

THE Presbyterian Church is to be congratulated upon the result of the proceedings against Professor Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary. Thoughtful people have anticipated with a good deal of apprehension the trial of that distinguished scholar on a charge of heresy. When, therefore, at the late meeting of the Presbytery, after an elaborate statement by the professor, in which he set forth his objections to the charges against him, the Presbytery by a vote of ninety-four to thirty-nine dismissed the case, a serious source of doubt and alarm was removed. In his paper, which was marked by great ability, Professor Briggs expressed deep regret if he had in any way disturbed the peace of the church or given pain and anxiety to his brethren in the ministry, and declared further that he had never taught at any time any doctrine that in the slightest degree impaired his belief that the Holy Scriptures are the only infallible rule of faith and practice. After this very explicit declaration no other result was possible but the acquittal of the accused, even if there had not been errors and irregularities in the form of the accusation.

While this action of the Presbytery does not finally dispose of the case, it is hardly to be believed that the Synod, to which an appeal has been carried, will reverse the action below. If Professor Briggs had made at the beginning of the controversy the explicit avowals which he made before the Presbytery, instead of indulging in irritating and somewhat arrogant criticisms of his opponents, the case probably would never have been further heard of. The Presbyterian Church has averted possible disasters of a very serious character by this disposition of a case which for a time seemed likely to become historic.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

In our issue of November 7th we unintentionally failed to give Messrs. Schreiber & Sons, of Philadelphia, credit for the photograph from which our picture of the famous trotting-horse, Maud S., was taken. This photograph is copyrighted by and is the sole property of Messrs. Schreiber & Sons. We regret that in our ignorance of this fact the usual credit in such cases was withheld.

GOVERNOR PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, deliberately prostituted his high office in furtherance of partisan ends in the late election. He went so far as to institute an investigation by a partisan attorney-general, in cases that called for judicial action, if for anything, wholly in the hope and expectation that he would be able to smirch certain Republican officials and so turn the popular tide against their party candidates. The investigation proved entirely abortive, and the people have now answered the Governor's challenge by electing the whole Republican ticket by a majority of nearly sixty thousand. Governor Pattison is no longer to be considered a Presidential possibility.

THE recent campaign in Ohio was marked by the utmost good temper. No personalities of any kind entered into it. The kindness and good feeling which marked it found happy expression in a telegram of congratulation sent to Major McKinley by Governor Campbell a few hours after the closing of the polls. In congratulating the Governor-elect his predecessor said: "I have no doubt that you will serve the people of Ohio with fidelity and honesty." Such an expression does as much honor to the sender as to the one to whom it was addressed. It is to be said of Governor Campbell that his administration has been cleanly, and that in retiring he will carry with him the respect of the great body of the people of Ohio.

GENERAL GRUBB, our somewhat hirsute Minister to Spain, was married with great *clat* in London on election day. The cable has supplied us with copious details of the affair, and all Americans must feel tremors of delight as they contemplate the pomp and display with which this accredited representative of our national greatness took unto himself a likely Scottish girl as his bride. But we notice that while General Grubb was being married his home county over in New Jersey, where a very important election was in progress, went reeling headlong into the

arms of the Democracy. It has been Republican for a good many years past, but either the absence of General Grubb or the fact that he was being married seems to have exercised a malignant influence on the voters of the county, and they elected a Democratic Senator for the full term of three years. There are people who say that this result may operate very seriously against the general's gubernatorial aspirations next year. But then, as he has a new wife, and the story of his marriage was trumpeted with noisy blare to the four corners of the world, why should he care for so small a matter as that?

CARTER HARRISON, the widely-known ex-mayor of Chicago, has at last realized his ambition and become the editor and proprietor of a great newspaper, having purchased the *Chicago Times* and entered upon its management. In announcing the policy of the paper he says that it will be Democratic, and that it will not be any man's organ. He lays down the sound principle that "nobody who has political aspirations should fool with a newspaper," and then goes on to say that *he* has aspirations, but that his paper will not be run to further his own interests. "The paper," he continues, "will be at liberty to roast me, but I don't think it will roast me very hard." With Carter Harrison in the editorial chair, it is safe to assume that Carter Harrison, the political candidate, will not be treated with excessive severity.

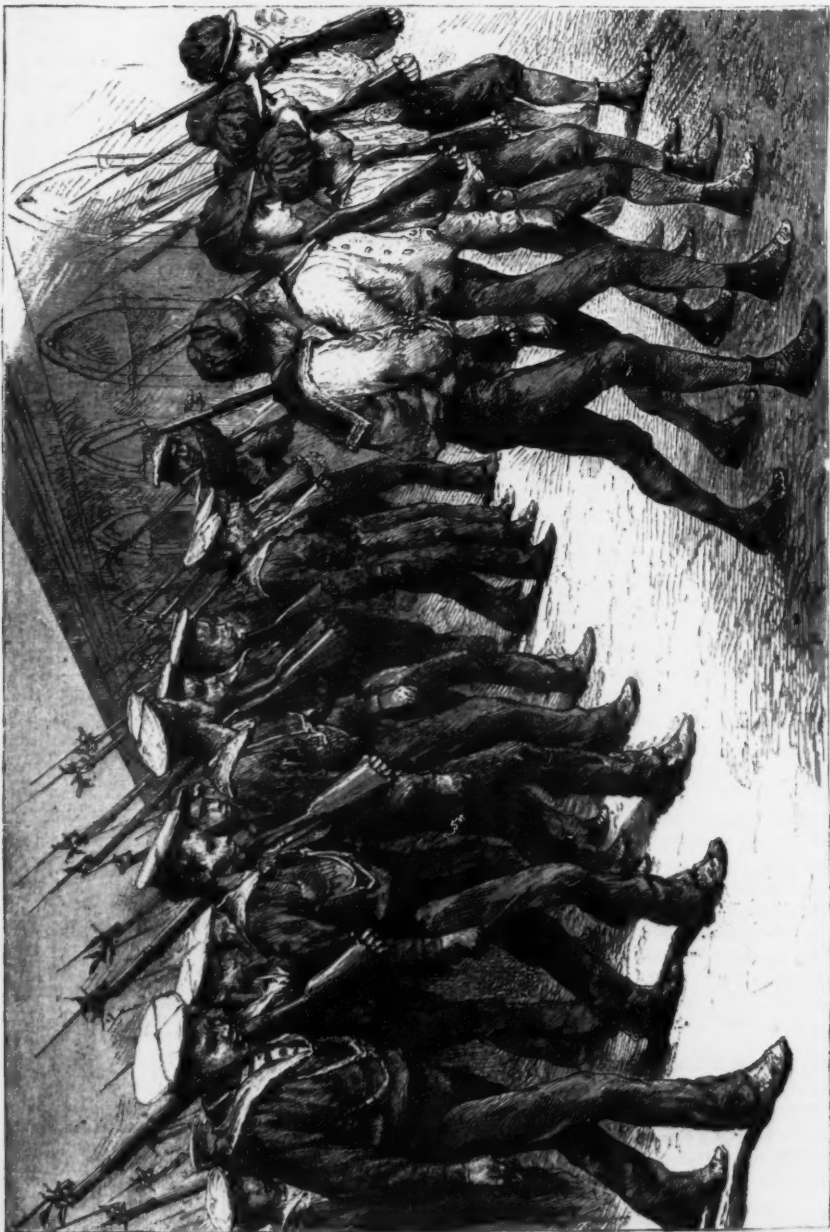
ONE feature of the result of the elections in the Western States is the almost complete annihilation of the so-called people's party. In Ohio the vote of this party did not exceed twelve thousand as against an expected seventy-five thousand. In Kansas, Nebraska, and other Western States the party has also lost its prestige, and the Republicans who co-operated with it are coming back to their old allegiance, making it certain that in the Presidential election these States will be found in line with the uniformly Republican States. The truth is, that all these so-called parties which are founded upon a prejudice or an antagonism are the mere side-shows of a year. They have no elements of permanent coherency, and must go to pieces whenever the people come to face the issues which really involve the public prosperity and sound administration.

If we are to judge by the election returns, Roswell P. is a bigger man than David B. The latter has heretofore insisted, with a good deal of pertinacity, that he was the only Democrat who could carry the State of New York, and upon that pretense he had built his expectation of a nomination for the Presidency. It now turns out that Mr. Flower is, judged by this standard, much the more popular of the two, his majority having reached a total of 45,000, while that of Governor Hill two years ago was only 19,000. We can very well understand that the Governor will contemplate these figures with meagre satisfaction. They will suggest to him only too forcibly the possible contingency that he may fail in the ambition of his life, while the prize is carried off by somebody else who has not performed half as much real service as he has done for his party.

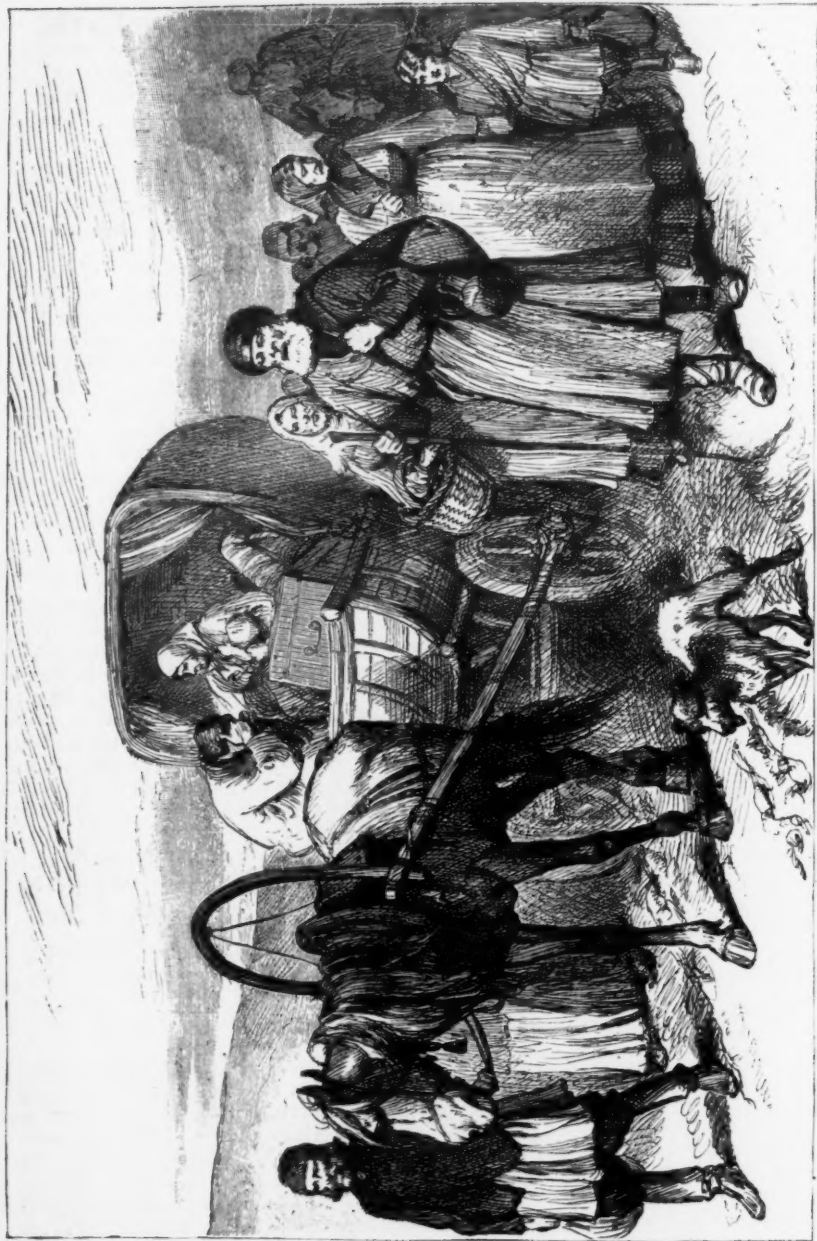
MR. TIMOTHY HEALY, a somewhat vociferous home-rule member of the House of Commons, was very deservedly horsewhipped some days since in the streets of Dublin by a nephew of the late Mr. Parnell. Mr. Healy, who apparently imagines that there is strength in vituperation, took occasion, in a recent speech, to violently assail the character of Mr. Parnell's widow, speaking of her in terms which no gentleman would use as to the lowest of women. The attack was inexcusable and brutal. Mr. Parnell's nephew, who is a solicitor in Dublin, "thrashed the hound," as he says, by way of avenging the outrage upon his kinsman; and it is gratifying to know that Irishmen generally approve the act. We do not applaud violence as a means of avenging private wrongs, but there are occasions when the use of the horsewhip is undoubtedly admissible; and this appears to have been one of them.

If anybody doubts the business capacity of female officials they should read the reports made to the Post-Office Department by the postmasters at county seats who were instructed to inspect the fourth-class offices of their several counties. Out of two thousand reports of this kind, sixty-one are made by women, some of whom traveled on horseback, some in boats, and some on foot, going long distances in order to carry out the instructions of the department. An Idaho postmistress rode two hundred and fifty miles on horseback; another—a Kentucky woman—went her rounds with horse and buggy; a postmistress in Mississippi was obliged to resort to a sail-boat; and one Pennsylvania woman visited and inspected one hundred and twenty-eight offices, many of them at remote points in the Alleghany Mountains. In every case the work assigned was well done, and the reports have proved eminently satisfactory to the department. It may be doubted whether officials of the "male persuasion" would have done the work as well.

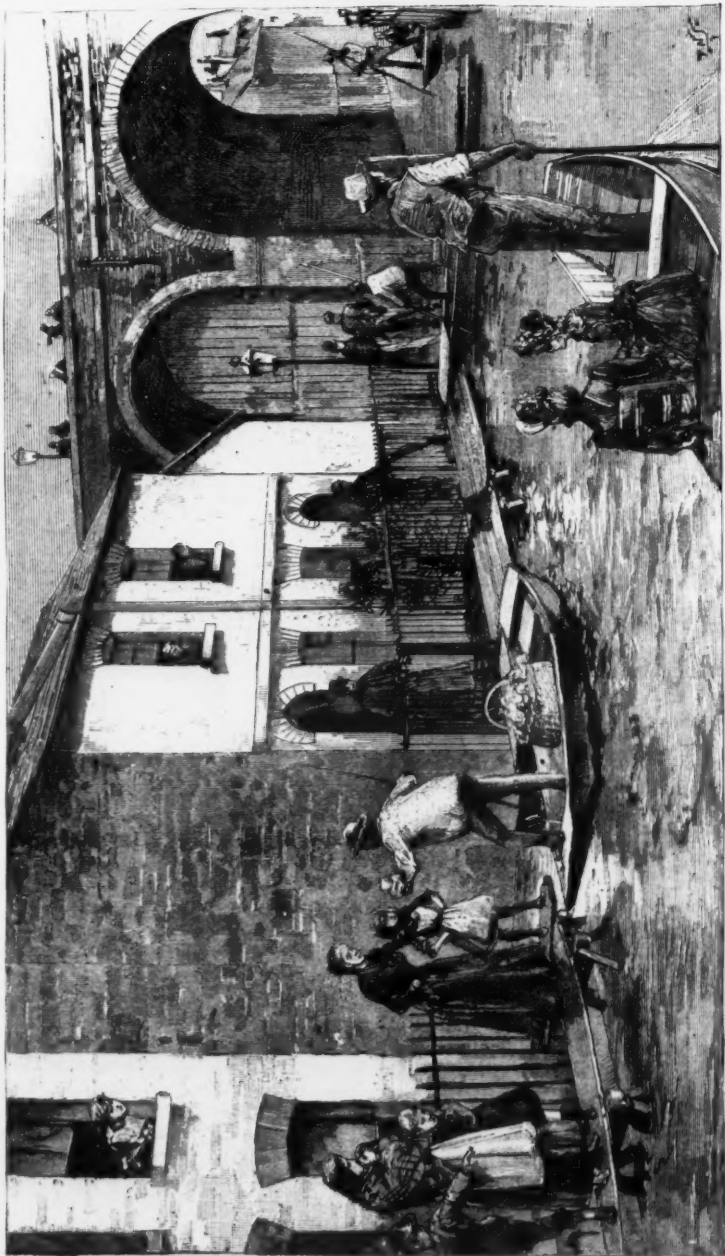
SOME important recommendations are made by the commission of engineers appointed some time ago by the President to investigate the streets and the subways of Washington. The commission seems to have studied the subject carefully, having visited foreign cities and entered into correspondence with the authorities of all the leading cities of the United States. The basal idea of their report is that every municipality should own its own streets, its own street-car lines, and all public works, and in support of its conclusions it gives the experience of municipalities where the policy here suggested is carried out in whole or in part. In Paris the city owns all the tramways, which are leased every ten years to the highest bidder, and which secure to the city an annual rental of five million francs. While the municipal treasury is thus replenished the public at the same time derives the advantage of rapid transit and of cheap fares. As to the ownership of all public works by a municipality, it is argued that grave scandals would be avoided by the removal of the question of granting of franchises from the local legislatures, while all forms of the public service would be very greatly improved. There is, no doubt, a good deal of force in this suggestion.



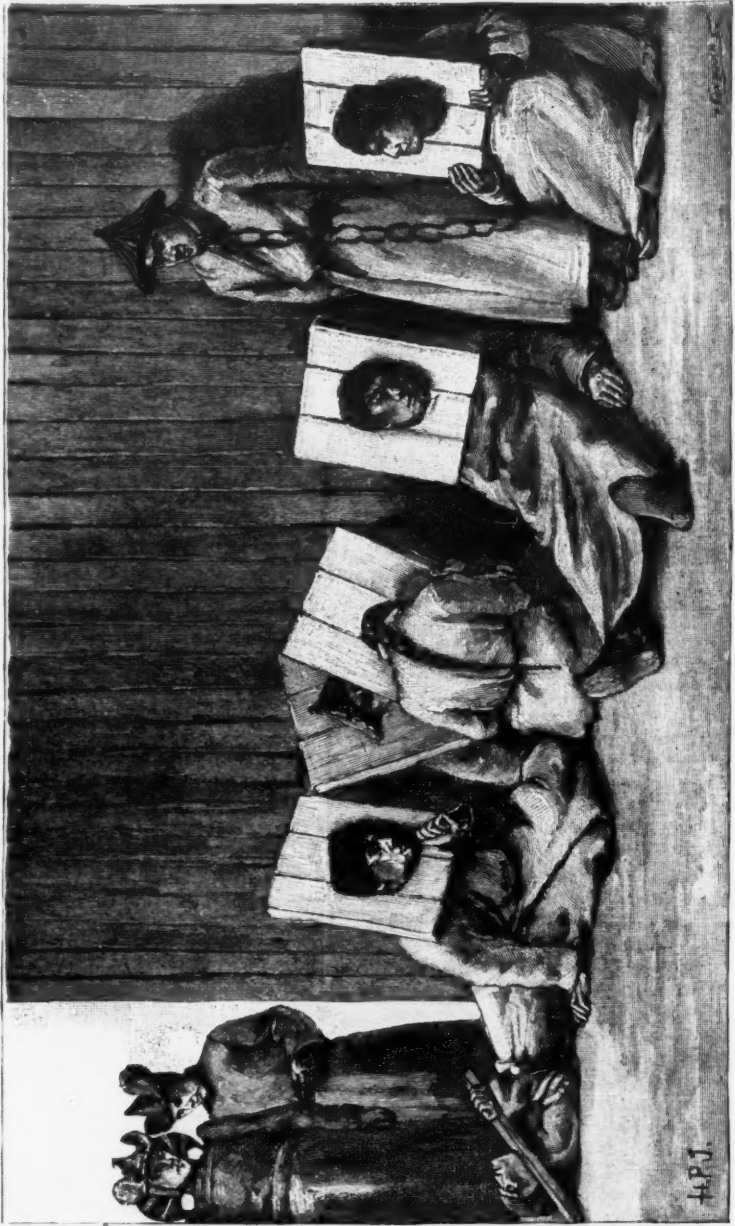
CREATING AN ARMY IN BRAZIL—BOY-CADETS



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA—MIGRATION OF PEASANTS



THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE RIVER THAMES—RESIDENTS IN A LONDON SUBURB PROCURING HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

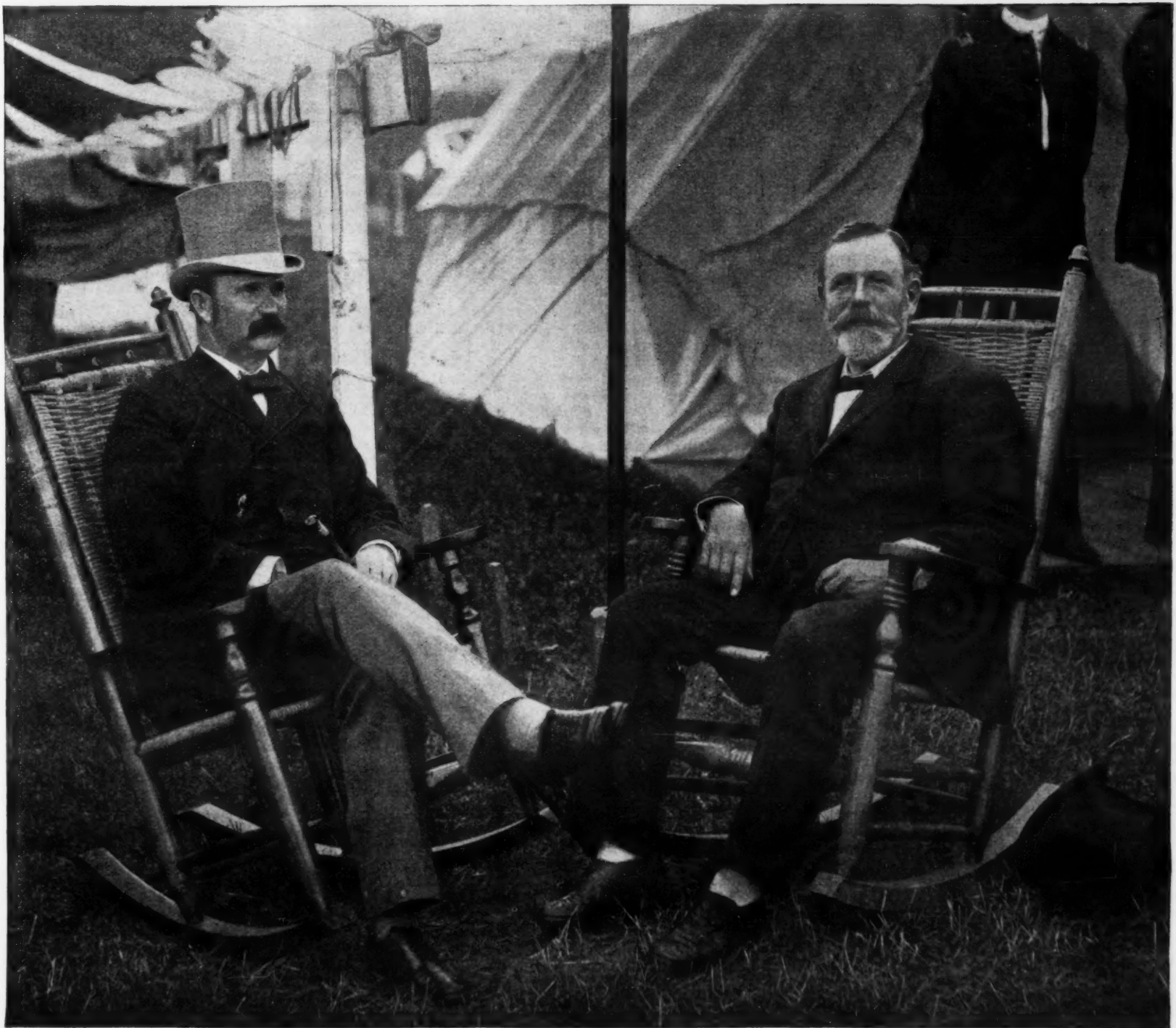


CONVICT PRISONERS IN THE MONGOLIAN CITY OF OURGA.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 253]



OFFERING PRAYER IN A CHINESE CLUB-HOUSE IN MOTT STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY C. BUNNELL.



DAVID H. HILL, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

LEON ABNETT, GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

TWO PROMINENT DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS.—FROM A PHOTO BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 253.]

THE SHEPHERD OF THE LIRO.

DOWN the Alpine vale our way we wended
Toward fair Italia, wrapt in rosy haze;
And ever, when we thought the path had ended,
New vistas opened to our wondering gaze.

Dark rocks lay strewn by ancient avalanches
Where chestnuts clustered in a burry bower,
And often, o'er the autumn-ambered branches,
A slender campanile thrust its tower.

The eyes we looked into were deep and dusky,
Alive with laughter, yet with hints of pain;
The onward-luring air was warm and musky,
Blown over Como from the Lombard plain.

And still alert for beauties unbeholden,
Rounding a rock-ledge rearing bare and steep,
We saw, where stood a crumbling archway olden,
An aged shepherd followed by his sheep.

His cloak hung crosswise from his stooping shoulder,
While in his hand he held a sturdy crook;
His flock fast crowded over mound and bowlder,
Nor did he guide them by a word or look.

And through the arch in happy-hearted frolic
We watched them press behind him one by one,
Until our new Virgilian bucolic
Vanished as swiftly as the vanished sun.

Then violet shades crept down the winding valley
And hid the path our shepherd strayed along;
We heard the peasants on their homeward rally,
Stirring the silence with a vintage song.

Ere long another roadway did we follow
Far into dreamland; there did we behold
The aged one, in some leaf-sheltered hollow,
Leading his flock benignly to the fold.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A QUESTION OF SANITY.

BY CAROLINE S. VALENTINE.



EARLY in the summer of '87 I started for Longvue by the sea.

I was completely run down, having applied myself too closely to business. Although I had made several hundred thousands in lucky ventures on 'change, my nervous system was injured, and the money did not give me much pleasure.

After trying several physicians without relief, I concluded to run over to Longvue.

There was an excellent sanitarium there which was quite renowned for its cures.

The moment I saw the place I liked it, and felt convinced that I would leave it a well man. The sanitarium was a large, handsome building, surrounded by beautiful grounds. The front yard was full of bright flowers and shrubs, which gave a cheerful aspect to the place. And from the windows the bright blue sea, peaceful and calm, or full of angry billows, as its mood might be, could be plainly seen.

I had not been at Longvue a month when I began to improve wonderfully. The air was bracing, there was no excitement, and the attendants were very skillful.

In this peaceful atmosphere my overworked nerves became invigorated and life became pleasant again.

At the end of two months I was completely cured, but I lingered, for Longvue was more to my liking than a gay resort. The sea had a strong attraction for me, and I took daily walks on the beach. At first a half-mile in one direction was enough to satisfy me. I would wander along until I found a sheltered nook, and lie there dreamily looking at the waters for hours.

One day, it was the first of August—I remember the date perfectly, as it began a new era in my life—I started out for the beach early in the morning. Feeling unusually vigorous, I walked farther than ever before and rounded a point I had never passed beyond. To my surprise I beheld a large building, something similar in architecture to the sanitarium. Never having heard of such a place I was naturally curious to find out something about it. It was not far off, and I walked on until the entrance gates were reached. Then I discovered that the windows were all barred, and concluded it must be an asylum for the insane.

I had never had a desire to visit such a place before, but my idle fancy bade me open the gates and enter the grounds. As I touched the gates I found them locked and I shook them until a bell, fastened on the inside, rang loudly.

An elderly man appeared, turned the key in the lock, and looked at me. I asked if visitors were admitted. He motioned me in with a courtly wave of his hand, and bade me enter. I said I did not wish to see any hopelessly insane or violent patients.

The janitor directed me to a door in the west side of the building, saying that the patients I would see in the main sitting-room were all quiet and harmless.

Entering the room indicated, I glanced around rather uneasily. A number of women were sitting quietly in their chairs, looking toward the end of the room. Good pictures were on the walls, flowers and papers on the tables. At the far end of the room stood a grand piano. Some one was playing a few soft notes as I entered. I had not noticed the musician until my glance fell on the piano. Then I started in surprise as my eyes beheld the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

A cloud of golden hair was caught up and coiled on the top of a perfectly shaped little head. Her neck, slightly revealed by the cut of the dainty blue gown she wore, was as white and firm as alabaster. Her figure, though slight, was exquisitely moulded, and her every movement betrayed grace.

I could not see her face, as her back was turned to me. As I stood gazing at her, waiting impatiently for her to turn toward

me, she struck the keys a little louder and began to sing. I listened entranced, for the notes that came were sweeter than a lark's song. I had heard the great Patti and most of the world's renowned singers, but the voice of this unknown girl moved me as none had ever before.

There was such a pathos thrilling through the notes of the glorious voice that tears unbidden rose to my eyes. As I brushed them away, half ashamed of my emotion, an elderly woman, sitting in the middle of the room, called out, "Enough, Miss Sibyl," and the music ceased.

Then the singer turned and I saw her face. A face as pure and lovely as the greatest artist could desire as a madonna model, was revealed to my gaze. The contour of her face was Grecian. The great brown eyes held in their depths an expression of sadness. The straight nose, the lips firm but sweet, the softly rounded chin, betrayed the refinement of their owner.

When it comes to love, man is a strange being. He may be months trying to decide whether he really loves a woman or not, or the divine passion may come upon him suddenly, flooding his whole being with its intensity.

As I looked at this golden-haired girl, two feelings awoke in my breast. I pitied her,—young, beautiful, and accomplished, doomed to spend her life, or part of it at least, in an asylum for the insane. I loved her,—not because "pity is akin to love," nor only because of her beauty, but because—I could not tell why. I only knew that I loved her with my whole heart.

The patients began to move here and there around the room, some regarding me with curious looks. Seeing me standing there, Sibyl—I already dared call her that in my heart—approached me. She smiled, and the smile lifted the sadness from her face, and bade me good-morning. Young as she was—not more than twenty—I could see by the ease of her manner that she had been accustomed to the best society. She asked if that was my first visit to Longvue Hospital. I noticed she avoided the term "asylum," and felt it was because the insane have often a violent dislike for that word.

I answered that it was my first visit, and complimented her on her singing, saying that words could not express the pleasure it had given me.

She accepted my praises very serenely, and said it was her one gift. Then she turned the conversation to the piano, which was a very fine instrument with remarkably pure tone.

I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to know more about her. She was seemingly sane at the moment; perhaps she had only occasional spells of madness, or a distressing monomania. I felt sure she could never be very violent.

"Why not ask the usher, or seek one of the physicians?" I questioned of myself. But I shrank from the idea of drawing the history of my love's life from any but herself. It seemed not only unkind to do so, but positively indelicate.

No; I would try to find out her story from Sibyl herself, when we knew each other better.

"Have you been here—long?" I felt myself a clown, a stupid fool, as I asked the question. Where were the feelings of delicacy I had just boasted of to myself? Her great, brown eyes looked at me in an odd, surprised way.

"Oh, no; just a few weeks. I shall not stay much longer," she said with a sweet precision of speech. "Do you know," she said, coming a little nearer to me and speaking almost in a whisper, "I sometimes fear if I stay here much longer I, too, shall lose my reason and be like these unfortunate beings."

Poor girl! She imagined those around her insane—herself sane. She imagined she had only come on a short visit, instead of being incarcerated there for an indefinite period.

I almost wept for the pity of it, but I answered her soothingly, and talked of the grounds which were laid off in winding walks that extended in every direction around the building.

"Do you ever walk out alone?" I asked.

"Certainly," she said, seemingly surprised. "You do not suppose I spend all my time in here, do you? I should perish if I did not get out and spend part of the mornings and evenings alone."

I remembered then that the fences were very high, the gates massive and securely locked. There could, of course, be no danger in allowing the patients a little liberty, if they had no tendency to harm themselves or others.

I resolved to watch for Sibyl and talk with her alone during her walks. I felt positive that her malady was not deep-seated. I determined to return to the sanitarium and search through the doctor's private library—to which I had free access—for books on insanity. Every day I would try to see Sibyl and study her case carefully, and perhaps by devoting myself heart and soul to the work I might be able to find a cure. I lingered at the asylum nearly an hour. She was so charming and lovely, and talked so sensibly and entertainingly, it was hard to leave her presence.

At last I went away, assuring her that I would see her quite soon.

The brown eyes took on a look of surprise again, as if she wondered why I, a perfect stranger, should be so interested in her. But she answered me kindly and I left her.

There was no peace, however, in my breast. I thought only of Sibyl's sad fate as I wended my way along the hot sands, and I sent up a silent prayer that the Ruler of all would help me find some way to deliver my little princess from the thralldom of insanity.

I knew I had left my heart in her keeping, and, come what might, I would love her. My sudden passion was indeed so great that I felt willing to take her as she was, if no cure could be effected, and knowing nothing of her antecedents or former life. The look in her sweet face was enough to convince me that she was a good and pure woman. No woman could sin and yet retain that indefinable expression of purity that was hers. She was unfortunate, she might be poor and friendless—I cared for none of these things. I loved her; she must be mine.

I hastened homeward full of these thoughts, secured the desired books from the library, shut myself up in my room, and began to read. I read steadily until the shades of evening dropped like a veil between the printed words and my eager eyes.

I felt I had a clew; but I was strangely weary, and my head ached terribly. When the physician dropped in to see me before bed-time he found me lying unconscious on my couch. The

rapid walk along the hot beach, following my excitement, and the strange things I had read, were too much for me.

I had a severe nervous attack that confined me to my room for a week. In the meantime I heard nothing of Sibyl. Did she think of me and wonder why I did not come? I longed to know. Often I tried to speak to my physician about her, but words refused to come. I had formed a theory in regard to her malady, and at last questioned him about it, as if it were only an imaginary case.

"Did he think such a case incurable? Could the insanity be transmitted to posterity?" My heart glowed with joy when he answered no to each question. I forgot that I knew absolutely nothing about Sibyl's malady—that my theory was based on supposition only.

Buoyed up with hope at the doctor's words, I started out as soon as I was able to walk to the asylum. I was scarcely strong enough for the effort, but could restrain myself no longer. The face of Sibyl was constantly before me—her image was enshrined in my heart.

I still remember how blue the skies were, flecked here and there with bits of white, and how the sea-water sparkled as the sun's rays shone upon it. The waves, gently lapping against the shore, made an accompaniment to the song of joy my heart was singing.

When I reached the gates, and the lean old usher admitted me, I gazed eagerly around, hoping that Sibyl might be walking in the grounds. I had formed no plans, but I expected to reveal my love in some manner.

A little cloud came over the brightness of the day when I discovered that she was not out-doors. To tell one's love in a room where twenty pairs of curious eyes may be watching you is not just what an ardent lover desires. But, stifling my regrets, I entered the sitting-room.

All was exactly as on the day of my previous visit. All—with one exception. The graceful, girlish figure, with the crown of golden hair, was not drawing melody from the keys of the grand piano.

I looked there instinctively at first, then my eager eyes looked around the room. But Sibyl was not there. A nameless terror seized me. Had they confined my poor darling in a solitary cell, or, worse still, might her tender body be lying in one of those cruel cribs? I shuddered at the thought.

The middle-aged woman was sitting with the patients, and was evidently a nurse. At this moment she saw me and approached. In the terror and confusion occasioned by my fears for Sibyl I seemed to lose the faculty of speech. All I could do was to seize her hand and say, "Sibyl," and look at her imploringly.

"Miss Sibyl has gone," she answered, betraying no surprise, although she must have felt it, at my emotion.

"Gone!" I groaned, and sank into a chair.

The woman regarded me with wondering pity in her eyes, but said nothing. Presently I roused myself.

"Did she escape, or did her people remove her to another asylum?" I asked, hoping she would answer the latter half of my inquiry in the affirmative. For, dreadful as was the thought of the poor girl being shut up in an asylum, the thought of her wandering around in the cold, wicked world alone, with none to protect her, was far more dreadful.

The nurse gazed at me, a look of mingled horror and amusement upon her face.

"Did you—you surely didn't think her one of them?" she cried, waving her hand in the direction of the patients.

"Why was she here, then?" I demanded, stupidly staring at her.

"Dr. Holcombe, our president, is Miss Sibyl's brother. When she came home from abroad, after finishing her education, she came here to visit him. Her brother and herself are all of the family that are left, with the exception of one aunt. When Miss Sibyl was here she felt so sorry for the poor unfortunates she did all she could for them, singing and playing for them by the hour. But being with them so much did not agree with her. She grew melancholy, and Dr. Holcombe declared she must go away. She didn't want to go, but he insisted, and sent her to their aunt at Saratoga."

Before she had finished my heart felt as light as if it would leave my body and fly to Saratoga to greet my love.

"If you want to know anything more about Miss Sibyl I'd advise you to go to Dr. Holcombe and talk to him."

The nurse evidently understood the affair with a woman's ready intuition.

"Thank you, I will," I replied.

I slipped a bank-note of such goodly value in her hand that her eyes opened to their fullest extent in delighted surprise.

"You will never speak of my mistake?" I said, and left the room to find the doctor, taking her promise with me.

To my relief he was young and friendly in his manner. I told him my story, confessing all—my sudden great love for Sibyl, which had become a part of my life, and the absurd error I had made.

He laughed at me a good bit in a kindly way, but said my mistake was perhaps natural under the circumstances.

After I had told him about my family connections and my standing in business circles, and we discovered we had several mutual friends, he sat down at his desk and began to write. After a few moments he brought me a letter. It was addressed to "Miss Sibyl Holcombe, Saratoga Springs, N. Y."

"There," he said, in his genial way, "this will introduce you into Sibyl's good graces, I think, if you are not in them already."

I wrung his hand and tried to express my thanks, then hurried back to the sanitarium to pack up. As soon as possible I presented her brother's letter to Miss Holcombe.

She was more lovely and attractive in the midst of the gay throng than at Longvue. I devoted myself so assiduously to her that before she left Saratoga at the end of the season for her aunt's New York home I had her sweet promise that she would be mine.

The love that was so strangely awakened in my breast that August day at Longvue Asylum has never waned. To this day I do not know of a certainty whether Sibyl ever found out the monstrous mistake I made.

But one day, during our honeymoon, my wife came in and found me reading.

"What are you reading?" she asked.

"A Question," I replied, referring to the title of the work.

"Is it a 'Question of Sanity?'" she asked, in a peculiar tone of voice.

I looked up hastily and regarded her with glances of suspicion.

But she was looking calmly out of the window and made no further reference to the "question" when I did not answer her, except by drawing her gently to my knee and putting my arms around her.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

WE are listening every day to the peal of merry marriage-bells, and the weddings which they herald are of all-absorbing interest for the moment. "Tinted" weddings are somewhat of a novelty, and a gray wedding especially so. The soft Quaker color was adopted upon one occasion because the bride was no longer in her first youth and white satin and orange blossoms were hardly *au fait*, and still she wished to have bridesmaids. So the bride was arrayed in a lovely shade of gray silk, so delicate and beautiful that it suggested one of the indescribable tints of a pearl shell. The skirt was made with a train, and the front was draped with old Brussel's lace. The bonnet was of gray with white tips and lace. The bridesmaids were all robed in gowns of exactly the same shade of gray as the bride's, save that the material was cloth. They had coats which reached almost to the knees, and the vests were of gold-and-white brocade, with large gold filigree buttons. They also wore gray felt hats with feathers to match, and white ribbon butterfly bows and rosettes, while each maid carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. In England, pink weddings are well known, where the gentlemen wear their hunting coats, and the ladies Zouave jackets of cloth in scarlet or pink to correspond. Recently there was a "golden" wedding which created a deal of discussion. The flower used as the basis of color was the chrysanthemum of the variety known as the "Golden Dragon." The bride's gown was principally of white-and-gold brocade, affording just enough coloring to bring out the bride's brunette tints and give piquancy to the effect.

Two of the maids wore white gowns with yellow bodices and shoulder-knots of ribbon, two wore yellow gowns with white ribbon and bodices, and the tiny girl who acted as maid-of-honor was arrayed entirely in yellow. This slight diversity made a pretty and novel effect as a whole, and the same idea carried out in mauve would be beautiful indeed.

It is some time now since we heard the first intimation that paniers were to be revived. They are here again as a sort of protest in behalf of the tall and slim figures, and soft materials generally will arrange very satisfactorily in this wise, especially for evening wear. A stylish costume for a young girl is made with somewhat of a panier basque. The material is *cachemire de soie*, and all the edges are finished with a narrow embroidery. The bodice

is made low cut, outlined by a frill and filled in with a yoke of blue velvet. The sleeves are also of velvet, and an embroidered flounce finishes the hem of the skirt. It would seem that the despotic mandate of fashion seriously threatens us with trailing skirts, in spite of all protests to the contrary. While we admit that trailing gowns are infinitely more graceful, yet the gracefulness consists in the portion which lies on the ground, and it is, of course, entirely lost when the train is caught up in an ungainly bunch by the hand; and yet the alternative of letting the skirt drag on the muddy or dusty pavement is enough to set one's teeth on edge.

The graceful costume illustrated this week shows the latest fancy among modistes for combining silk and cloth. The skirt is made of shot silk in those lovely tints which one sees in the neck of a pigeon. The jacket is of corresponding color in a fine quality of cloth, and is trimmed with embroidered galloon.

Feather merchants and ribbon manufacturers must be on the high road to fortune, as both ribbons and feathers are pervading every portion of our costumes. Ribbons are altogether very much in use, one of the prettiest prevailing fancies consisting in crossing a satin ribbon back and forth around a bodice until it culminates at the centre back between the shoulders, falling from thence in long ends to the hem of the skirt. These ribbons may be of plain satin or *moiré*, and sometimes they are beaded at the edges and have fringes of beads at the ends.

In a box at the theatre, recently, I saw something neat in the way of a bon. It was not entirely of feathers, but was of Brussels net edged with feathers. The effect was much prettier, and not so common as the familiar kind.



RECEPTION TOILETTE.

The ladies' tailors state that quantities of braid will be used for costumes and coats and jackets, for forming the trimming for the collars and cuffs.

As for the gowns themselves, "Harris" tweeds seem to have claimed favor for the most elegant, and while they are expensive luxuries, they almost "wear forever," and, after all, are economical.

A "high novelty" are the silver slipper tips. They are made in filigree chased silver, and are so arranged that they can be adjusted to any sized slipper toe.

ELLA STARR.

THE HORSE SHOW.

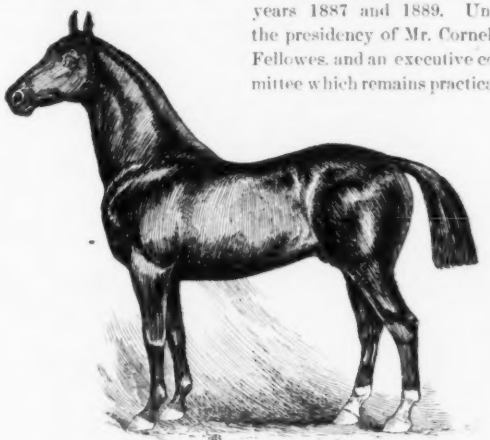
WITHIN the past eight years, the horse show, always held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City, has developed into a fashionable event of the first magnitude, fairly eclipsing the other autumnal carnivals, such as the chrysanthemum exhibition and the opening of the opera season. For one week, at least, the horse is king. None can say, now, that in



ALCANLARN.

the universal competitions for popular honors, money prizes, and the tribute of beauty's smile, our noble equine friend has "no show."

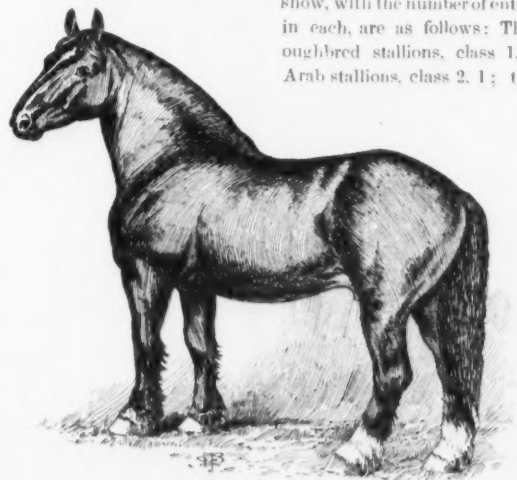
The great exhibition which during the whole of the current week occupies that modern coliseum, the Madison Square Garden, is the seventh held under the auspices of the National Horse Show Association. The initial show was held in 1883, since which time it has been repeated annually, excepting the years 1887 and 1889. Under the presidency of Mr. Cornelius Fellowes, and an executive committee which remains practically



FRANC TIREUR.

unchanged down to the present time, the National Horse Show Association has carried out and developed its projects with unvarying success. This year it can proudly point to the unprecedented number of entries—over one thousand—and to a premium list amounting to \$20,000. At the same time the number of classes has been extended, and the standard steadily raised.

The various breeds included in the classification of the present show, with the number of entries in each, are as follows: Thoroughbred stallions, class 1, 3; Arab stallions, class 2, 1; trot-



A CLYDESDALE HORSE.

ters, standard bred, classes 3-12, 51; roadsters, single and double harness, classes 13-15, 21; Normans, three years and over, class 17, 1; hackneys, classes 18-32, 91; coaching stallions, class 33, 7; horses in harness, classes 34-37, 71; carriage horses, classes 38, 39, 41; tandems, class 40, 14; four-in-hand teams, class 41, 6; cobs, in harness, classes 42, 43, 23; ponies, in harness, classes 44-49, 28; saddle horses, classes 50-52, 94; Galloways, class 53, 12; cobs, under saddle, classes 54, 55, 27; ponies, under saddle, classes 56-59, 28; pony stallions and brood mares, classes 60-64, 26; hunters and jumping classes, classes 65-79, 222; park police horses, class 81, 21; entries for specials, classes 82-111, 279. Total number of entries, 1,066.

There are many "stars" among the entries in these various classes, including Mr. A. J. Cassatt's famous thoroughbred

Bard, Mr. Hamlin's 2.12½ trotting mare Belle Hamlin, and her stable-mate Nightingale. Some renowned hunters and jumpers are "in it" this week, together with a notable group of English hackneys. At least half a dozen four-in-hand teams, belonging



LEOPARD.

to well-known enthusiasts, are entered. There will be, also, before the week is over, tandem competitions galore, and a superb showing of saddle horses, some of them mounted by ladies. We give pictures of some of the more notable horses, and of some striking features of the show.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

OURGA, the sacred city of Mongolia, is one of the sad remnants of the once vast and powerful Mongolian empire, which included the whole territory of China, but in the fourteenth century was overthrown by a Buddhist priest, named Choo Yuen Chang, afterward the first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty. The Mongol nation since has gradually decayed until to-day the race has dwindled down to almost nothing. There is no actual industry among them beyond the raising of a few ponies, camels, and cattle; but although the greater part of the populace lives from hand to mouth, there are very few beggars, and the number of crimes committed appears comparatively small. Murders or other serious acts of violence are very rare. Petty larcenies are not unfrequently committed, but the offenders rarely escape detection and punishment, there being a large body of police to uphold order and the authority of law. The miserable culprits are placed in blocks, as our picture on page 250 shows, and thus publicly exhibited become a warning example to others.

FLOODS IN ENGLAND.

The English papers bring us accounts of serious floods in the Thames River during the last week in October. The floods were caused by heavy rains in the south of England, and they brought much discomfort, especially in the section lying between Eton and Windsor down to Hampton Court. In some places it was found necessary to erect platforms for the accommodation of the flooded householders. All the small islands between Hampton and Kingston, which are used in the summer for picnic parties, were submerged. At other points the water on the public roads reached up to the breasts of horses, and it was found necessary to use fishing-boats to keep up traffic on the highways and to convey the inhabitants to and from the cottages surrounded by water. We reproduce a picture from the *London Illustrated News*.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN BRAZIL.

The recent news from Brazil would seem to show the possible necessity of a considerable army force to maintain the authority of the Government and to suppress disorderly manifestations against it. The Brazilian army on a peace footing amounts to only 13,000 men, but the Government seems to be giving its attention to the importance of educating its young men in military tactics. A cadet corps has been established which is likely to become the nucleus of a considerable body of trained militia. We give an illustration of this corps which is reproduced from the *London Graphic*.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

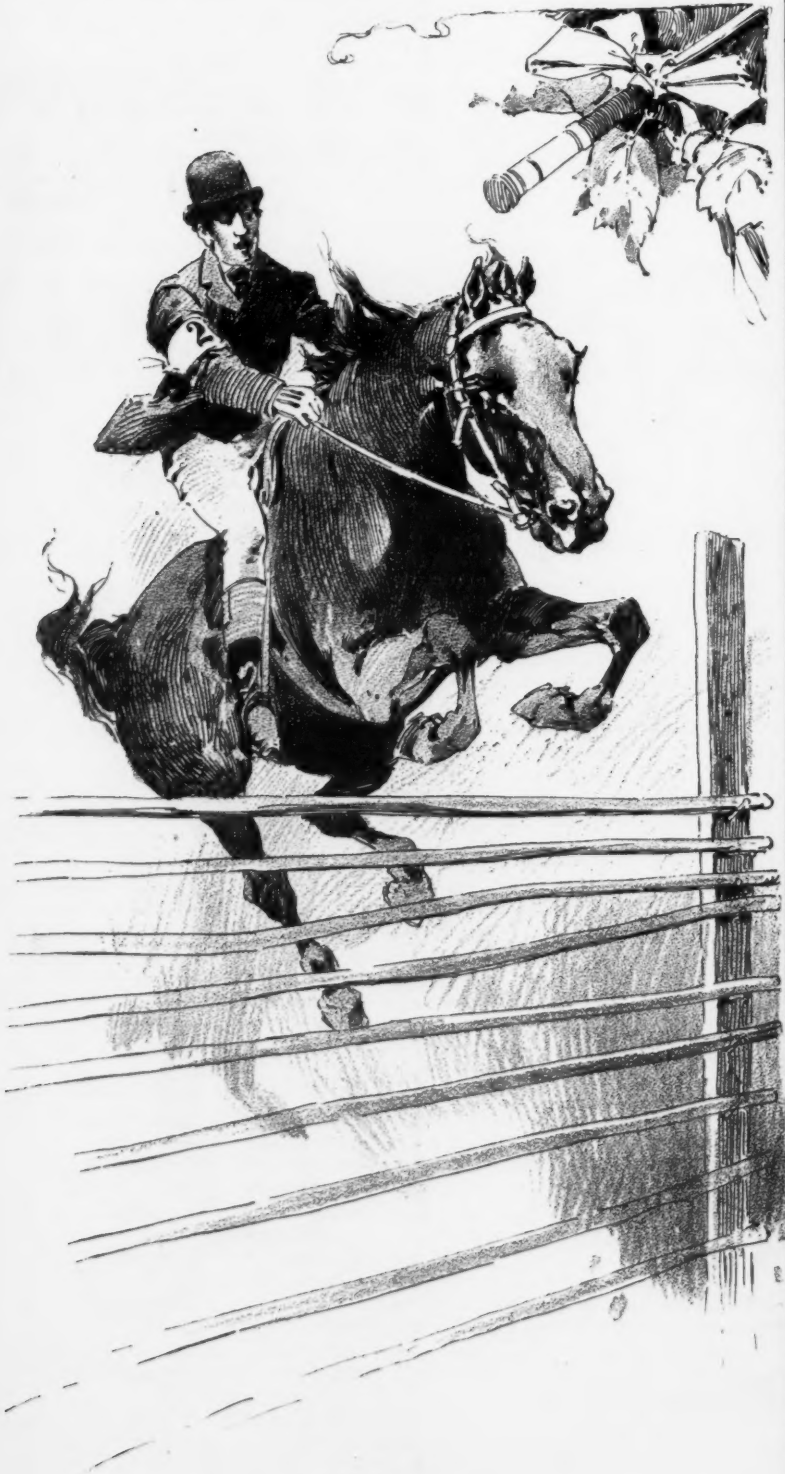
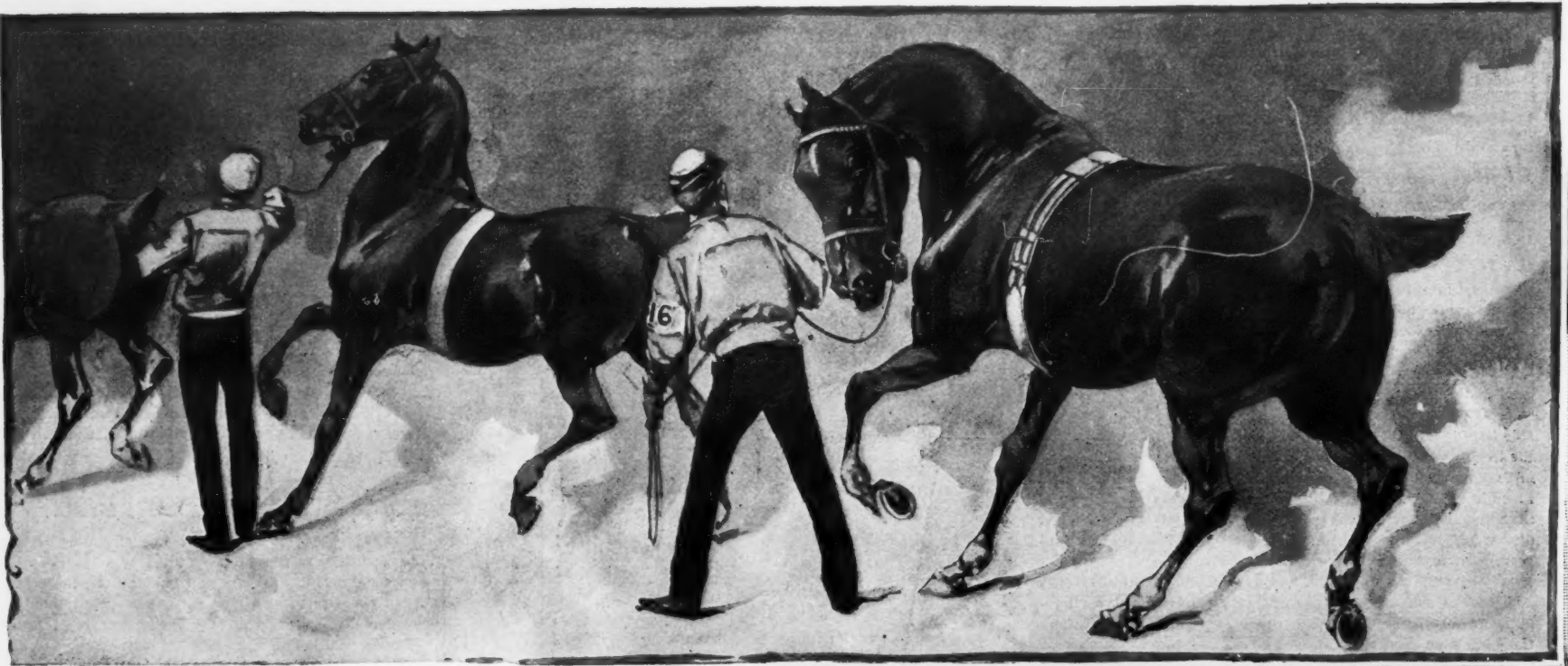
We give in our present issue another picture illustrative of the distress in Russia. The suffering, as we have before stated, is largely confined to the provinces bordering on the Volga, and peasants in that district, whenever possible, migrate to the more favored regions. It is understood that public works will be started in some places with a view of affording relief, and that labor will be made a condition of such relief.

TWO PROMINENT GOVERNORS.

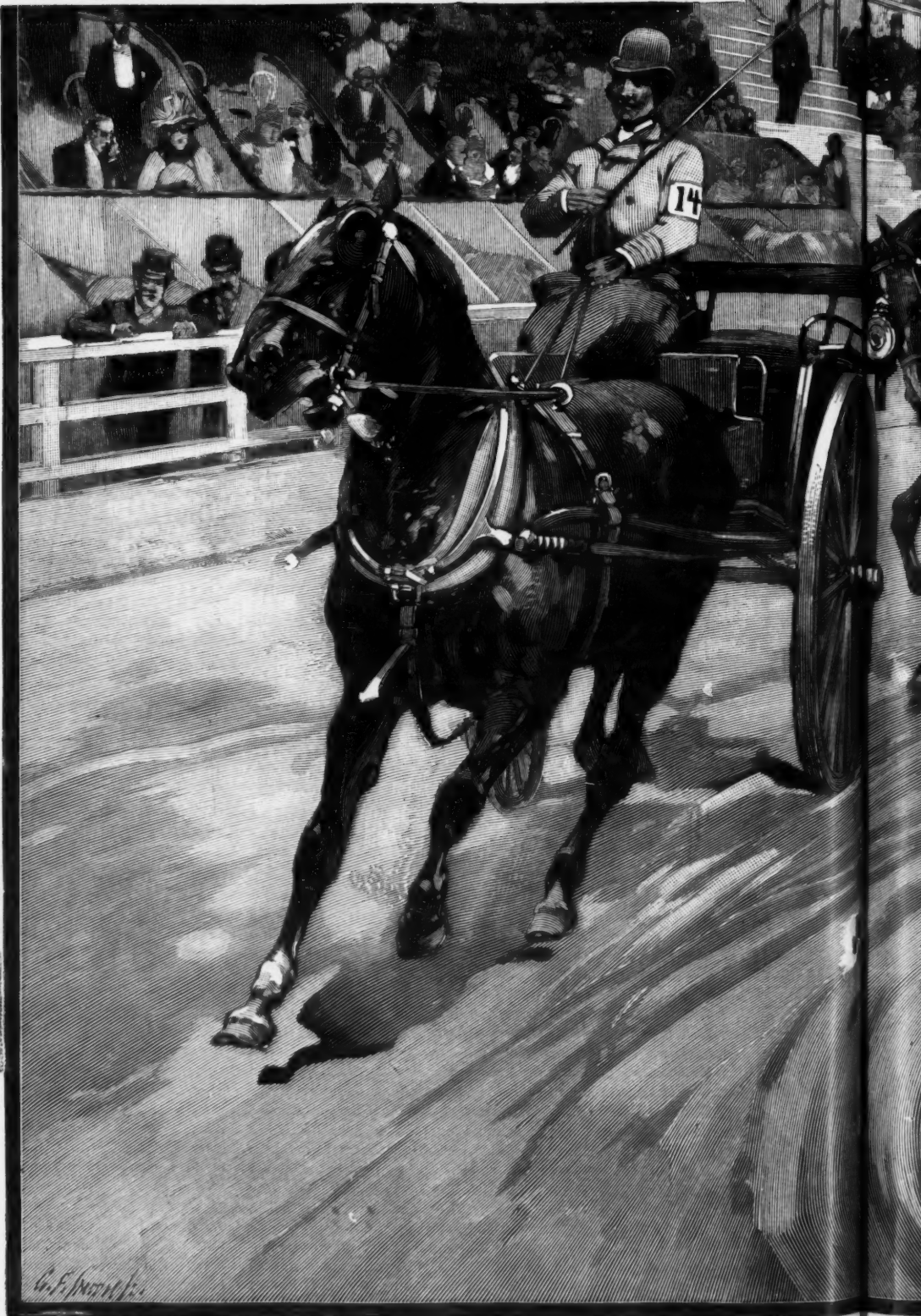
GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, is just now one of the most conspicuous political figures in the country. Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, may truly be said to be a good second. These Governors of neighboring States have many qualities in common, and their success is to be largely traced to the fact that they are able, audacious, self-assertive, and not exceptionally scrupulous in the methods they employ to reach an end.

Governor Abbott entered political life as a member of the New Jersey Legislature, being first speaker of the House of Assembly and after that a leading member of the State Senate. He was then elected Governor, and later on received the party nomination for United States Senator, but was beaten by a bolt in his own party. Some years later he was again elected Governor, and now occupies that office. In the late election he secured a phenomenally large Democratic majority in the State Legislature, and if he should live he will undoubtedly be elected United States Senator. He is an intimate friend of Governor Hill, and it is quite possible that in their summer jauntings together they have hatched some of the plans subsequently so successfully carried out. Our picture of these two Governors, which is given on another page, was taken during their visit to the State camp at Peekskill last summer.

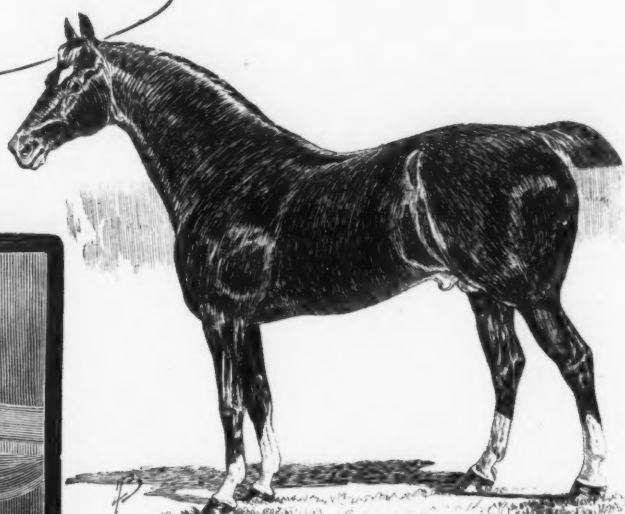
THE PARADE OF THE HACKNEY HORSES.



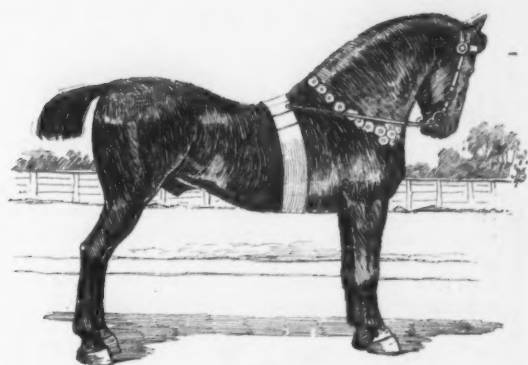
A HIGH JUMPER.



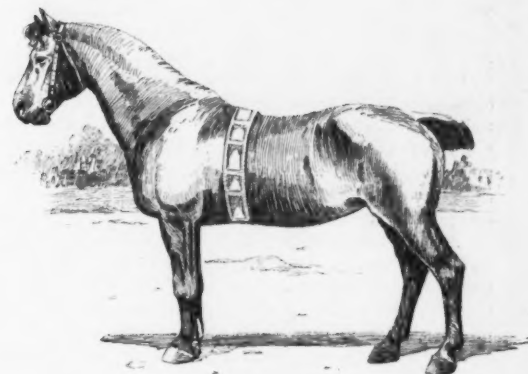
JUDGING ROADSTERS.



MATCHLESS.



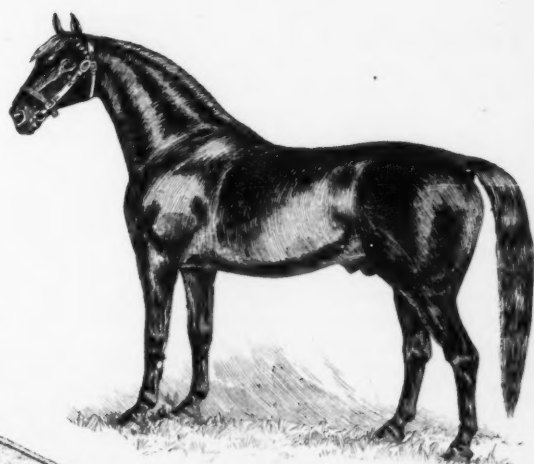
FASHION.



LITTLE WONDER.



ONTARIO.



THE BARD.



JUDGING PONIES.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S NEW PARISH HOUSE.

"WE are not going to make paupers; we propose to correct the conditions that foster pauperism." These words of the Rev. G. A. Carstensen, the superintendent of St. Bartholomew's new parish house, express with epigrammatic brevity the great and philanthropic object of that admirable institution. Located on Forty-second Street, just east of Third Avenue, it occupies a field peculiarly rich in materials for a work of this kind. The presence of more than forty-four thousand persons in the cramped quarters of the old Rescue Mission of St. Bartholomew's Church during the past year shows how pressing was the need for a more commodious and perfectly equipped building to meet the demands of so much poverty and distress.

Scarcely had the Rev. Dr. Greer, the rector of the church, made known his desire for such a building when two of his parishioners came generously to his aid with land and money. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt placed at his command the sum of \$400,000 for a parish house, and her son, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, presented a lot 75 x 100, on which to erect the structure. As a result of these contributions, New York has an institution without a parallel in the country. In architectural beauty and in adaptability for the work to be done, it is perfect. Within its walls will soon be gathered the unselfish hands that for many years have been busy in different parts of the parish rescuing the abandoned and relieving the distressed. The house is now nearly complete, except the equipment, and will be ready for occupation in two or three weeks.

There is nothing ecclesiastical about the exterior of the buff and gray structure. It might be taken for a handsome business block of brick and stone. So completely have the architects complied with the desire of the donors that a secular aspect be preserved, that the three arched entrances are not, in fact, unlike those of a theatre or music hall. Indeed, the illusion of a place of amusement becomes quite perfect as one in passing through the central entrance sees on either side the little windows to the offices of the attendants connected with the work of the Rescue Mission. But for the fine organ, which cost several thousand dollars, and the rather shallow platform, where lay and clerical speakers will address their auditors, the room in which this work is carried on, with its opera-chairs and spacious galleries, has a most secular appearance. The services to be held here every night of the year will, however, be far from secular. On Sunday evenings there will be the regular liturgical services of the Episcopal Church; on Monday, a stirring evangelical address by some speaker, lay or clerical, of any denomination of Christians; on Tuesday, services of song; on Wednesday, the experiences of those who have been rescued and converted; on Thursday, stereopticon lectures on the life of Christ or on some temperance theme; on Friday, social and devotional services, accompanied by the gift at their close of a cup of coffee and a sandwich to every person present; on Saturday, Bible-reading and other services preparatory to those of the following day.

The only part of the building that betrays no secular touch is the beautiful chapel to the east of Rescue Mission room. Entering it through the small arched doors, there is disclosed in the dim light from the large stained-glass window in the chancel a miniature church wrought with taste and skill. Here, besides the baptisms and occasional services, will be held the weddings of those who have been rescued, or the funerals of children that have died in the tenements.

All the other parts of the building are devoted to either education or recreation and the management. There are four floors besides the first, the mezzanines, and the basement. Ample light and ventilation are the priceless possessions of all. At night illumination can be had from either gas or electricity. Fine brass fixtures almost without number are to be found in the halls and rooms, and from the ceilings of some of the latter are pendent beautiful chandeliers of the same metal. The interior is not without other touches of the hand of art. Where there are chandeliers there also are handsome centre pieces. Finely moulded cornices soften the harshness of the angles of the ceilings and walls. The wood-work is of white pine highly polished and often prettily moulded. The mantels over the fireplaces in several of the larger rooms are of the same wood, patterned according to the colonial taste. The andirons in the fireplaces are in simple but tasteful designs of wrought iron.

But to return to the more useful features of the institution. The public offices of the superintendent are on the mezzanine of the first story. On the mezzanine of the fourth story he has a neatly furnished private office, with shelves for his library and drawers for his papers and pamphlets. The apartments of the matron are on the third floor. Another room that is given up to the management is on the fifth floor. It is called the Rector's Room, and is the handsomest in the building. On the hard-pine floor is a large and beautiful rug in blue and terra cotta, harmonizing with the terra-cotta and *café au-lait* tints of wall and ceiling and the dark, maroon hangings of the many windows. Here and there are light and graceful colonial chairs of oak, or heavier and more comfortable ones upholstered in leather of dark maroon. A handsome quartered-oak table stands in the centre, and to one side a fine old Chesterfield lounge in leather. It is in this room every week that Dr. Greer meets those in charge of the house, and consults with them as to the progress of the work.

The educational work will be done mostly on the second and third floors. The Sunday-school room on the second floor, where there is also a large Sunday-school library, will seat several hundred children. It will be used for a night school, meetings of various societies in the parish, and for public entertainments. Besides classes in the ordinary English branches, classes in history and civil government will be formed. On this floor, also, there is a kindergarten, the hundred or more seats in it being arranged in amphitheatre form. On the floor above another kindergarten is provided, of the same capacity and arrangement. The third floor is, in fact, given up entirely to the work among women and children. Two large rooms, looking out on the street, can be thrown into one by opening the wide sliding doors. Here instruction will be given in plain sewing, dressmaking, and embroidery. In an adjacent room a perfectly equipped cooking-school will be conducted. The girls have a club-room also. It is amply lighted by tall windows hung with Florentine lace curtains, and modestly decorated in tints of buff and terra cotta.

The floor is covered with a terra-cotta carpet, and in the centre stands a quartered-oak table that will be covered with periodicals and the current novels. Along the sides of the room, which will be covered with paintings and engravings, are pretty oak chairs and seats. To these will soon be added a fine piano.

The floor for the exclusive use of the men and boys is the fourth. Nothing has been spared for their entertainment and instruction. The club-room for the men will contain an excellent library; the large oak table in it will be covered with newspapers and magazines; and those who prefer to pass their time in other ways will be permitted to indulge in chess, billiards, dominoes, and other harmless games. Those who desire to smoke will be permitted to do so. To lessen still more the allurements of the saloon, temperance drinks will be sold at cost. In the club-room for the boys, lectures on travels, natural history, chemistry, and other subjects that can be made entertaining by illustration will be delivered from time to time. On this floor, too, is a completely equipped gymnasium with all the apparatus of the finest athletic club in the city; on the mezzanine there is a padded running-track and a padded floor for tumbling. To insure cleanliness, handsome bath-rooms are provided for both sexes, having tiled floors, marble basins, shower-baths, and porcelain tubs.

Of the rest of the building but little need be said. An office on the first floor will be devoted to the Penny Provident Fund. The large room taking up nearly the whole of the fifth floor will be used for drilling and calisthenic exercises. On the roof provision has been made for a summer garden, with music and flowers, admission being had for a trifle. In the basement, where lunch-tables will be set, food will be sold at the lowest price. Nothing, in fact, is given away. The management are determined not to cheapen their privileges in this manner and thus foster the pauperism that they are trying to prevent. At the same time they expect to make no money. It is their hope, however, that the fees from the members of the clubs and the revenues from other sources will be sufficient to meet the expenses of the institution.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

MINNEAPOLIS AND THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

WITH that same dauntless determination which has made the city of Minneapolis so great a power in this vast Northwest, her prominent citizens have been working with head and hand and purse to secure the next Republican National Convention. Whether they shall find their labors crowned with the laurels of success or not remains soon to be seen; whatever the outcome, the most captious critic will not be able to say that the sins of the laggard are to be laid at their door.

Peculiarly fitting is it that this national convention should come this time to this wondrously beautiful city. In the first place, Minneapolis is the metropolitan city of a vast section of the country which has never yet entertained such a convention. There have been many and momentous conventions, national and State, held within her gates, but, so far, no national political committee has seen fit to designate Minneapolis as the place to make a President. The vast extent of country which comes into direct tributary relations to this city—a territory which possesses as never before the voting power—this great Northwest, which has never been brought into close touch with a national convention, is certainly entitled to such recognition as comes from the holding of such a convention as this. Back of the city is the State of Minnesota, which gave in the last Presidential election a Republican majority of 38,107; North and South Dakota with a combined majority of 29,357; Wisconsin, with a majority of 21,321; Iowa, with 31,711; Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, with 8,020, to say nothing of Nebraska with its 27,873, and Kansas with her 80,159. Surely there is reason in all this splendid showing of Republican might, a reason, and a potent reason, for holding the great convention of the party in the Northwestern metropolis, which is now so earnestly and honestly striving for the honor.

But, laying aside the purely political reasons why Minneapolis should be chosen, let us indicate some of the more salient points upon which the claims of this city are based.

Manifestly one of the essentials of a great gathering like that of a national political convention is a proper place in which to meet. There must be a hall of noble proportions, of faultless acoustic properties, with the very amplest accommodations of all kinds for delegates, for distinguished platform guests, for press representatives. It must be centrally located. It must be light. It must be well ventilated. It must be cool. It must be supplied with the means of artificial light if the waning summer day passes into dusk and leaves the convention yet seated. This is the ideal convention hall. Such an one Minneapolis presents. Every feature indicated has been provided for. The great Exposition building has on several occasions been transformed into an auditorium—notably last season, when the national convention of the Christian Endeavor hosts packed fifteen thousand delegates into the hall at not a few sessions. The convention hall is built, and most securely and compactly built, on the inside of the Exposition building. It has been put to the severest tests, and it has failed in none. The stand for the speaker and for such notables as may be asked to sit thereon is of immense size; the accommodations for the newspaper correspondents, be they ever so numerous, are not only ample but convenient; the telegraphic facilities are fully equal to those of any other national convention. Cloak-rooms, committee-rooms, consultation-rooms—everything of this nature is on the most elaborate scale, for the reason that in the vast building there is inexhaustible space at disposal. Figures are difficult things to understand or appreciate when they are used to express dimensions, and yet it may be stated for those mathematically minded, that the hall has a first floor area of 39,600 square feet, with a balcony area of 22,320 square feet. There is a seating capacity at present of 11,962, which may, at will, be increased to 15,000, or even 18,000, if deemed necessary. The seats have the pleasant feature of giving eighteen inches breadth to each individual.

This much by way of description of the auditorium. It will be found lacking in no essential, either as to comfort, convenience, or general desirability.

The earnest men who set about winning this national con-

vention, if pluck and earnestness and honorable finesse could bring it, paid early attention to another most important convention necessity—hotel accommodations. Whatever may be done with the thousands of sight-seers and hangers-on at a national convention, the body of the convention must be comfortably, conveniently, and reasonably housed and fed. This will be done in Minneapolis, and done to the satisfaction of all. In the centre of the city stands the West Hotel, than which, in many respects, there is none finer in America. It is of noble size, ample equipment, and will accommodate, with its comfortable annexes, 2,000 people. Three blocks distant, also centrally located, is another hotel, the Nicollet, which will comfortably accommodate 700 guests. Within seven blocks of the West Hotel are the Holmes, Brunswick, Victoria, Berkeley, Langham, St. James, Windsor, Sixth Avenue, Pauly, Grace, Wessex, Warwick, Clarendon, St. Charles, San Angelo, Bellevue, St. Leon, and National hotels, with accommodations for from 150 to 500 each. Thus, within seven blocks there are hotels aggregating 6,800 accommodations available for the convention, ample, as any one must say, for all those who attend as delegates and important factors in convention work. This, mind you, is all in the central part of the city. In the portions lying further out are many smaller hotels, while, of course, restaurants abound. In her breezy and independent way Minneapolis has set about entertaining all her guests herself, and the above showing certainly indicates her abilities. Still, within a short ride by steam or electric cars there are the hotels of St. Paul, and the mammoth hostilities of Lake Minnetonka—all of which may be drawn upon for the accommodation of those who come to see the sights. Within a half-hour's ride or less from the Exposition auditorium are ninety-one hotels. And pledged in writing is each individual one of all the hotel-keepers that he will not overcharge.

In these two main and all-important matters—hall and hotel facilities and accommodations—the Flour City demonstrates her ability to care for the convention on the most liberal and sensible scale.

The need of halls of lesser size than the main auditorium for special committee meetings and for delegation meetings, caucuses, and the like, is well met. There are many small halls scattered all over the city, but there are, also, the usual number of halls for larger public meetings found in cities of the size of Minneapolis. The seating capacity of a number of the centrally-located halls suitable for the purposes indicated may be briefly stated as follows: Coliseum, 7,500; Armory Hall, 2,000; Masonic Temple Hall, 1,500; Harmonia Hall, 1,200; Normanna Hall, 1,100; Turner Hall, 1,000; Market Hall, 1,000. Total, 15,300.

These halls are all fitted up in the most convenient manner, and by the unusually excellent system of electric cars with which Minneapolis is supplied, and the transfer system in vogue, the halls are all accessible.

There is another matter which, though it provoke a smile, yet has its very significant bearing upon a national gathering of this nature—the weather. In the summer months, especially in May and June, the temperature here is most delightful. Take it for ten years and the mean temperature of May has been fifty-seven degrees, of June sixty-six. And if by chance a hot day should come the splendid night follows—cool, refreshing, recuperating.

The city of Minneapolis stands ready to entertain the National Republican Convention in 1892, and for that matter, the National Democratic Convention as well. She stands ready to entertain the convention in the most complete and satisfactory way. She has a thousand and one attractions for those who come on pleasure bent. One of the most distinguished divines of his age has denominated Minnesota "the play-ground of the nation," having in mind her many delightful summer resorts, her unvaried opportunities for out-of-door sports and hunts, and her general ability to provide pleasure.

The work which has been done by the gentlemen who comprise the Committee of Fifty has been well done. These gentlemen, who have taken the most active and personal interest in the securing of this convention, have worked unselfishly, industriously, sensibly. The Committee of Fifty is comprised as follows:

C. W. Johnson, A. B. Nettleton, L. A. Grant, T. E. Byrnes, Thomas Lowry, W. S. King, G. A. Pierce, T. B. Walker, H. F. Brown, W. H. Eustis, L. Fletcher, John Goodnow, R. D. Russell, E. G. Hay, W. R. Morris, J. G. Sterritt, G. A. Brackett, S. P. Snider, William McCrory, A. J. Blethen, W. D. Hale, E. G. Potter, A. C. Haugan, S. E. Olson, C. S. Brackett, E. J. Phelps, William Donaldson, R. G. Evans, J. S. McLain, W. M. Regan, D. M. Clough, C. M. Loring, R. B. Langdon, John Day Smith, J. W. Nash, W. D. Washburn, S. S. Linton, G. B. Kirkbride, J. T. Mannix, E. M. Johnson, W. W. Folwell, Robert Pratt, N. O. Werner, H. S. Harris, J. P. Ren, Clinton Morrison, C. G. Goodrich, G. W. Marchant, E. W. Mortimer, C. P. Lovell.

Minneapolis has extended a splendid welcome. It will be good politics and sound sense if her invitation shall be accepted.

MINNEAPOLIS, November 9th.

W. S. HARWOOD.

HOW THE PRINCESS OF WALES MAKES TEA.

THE Homburg correspondent of the London *Item* relates some interesting gossip concerning the Princess of Wales and her recent visit to that famous watering-place. She invariably breakfasted in a private dining-room of the principal restaurant, the door of which was always left open. It was noticed that the Princess made her own tea. The hot water was served at the table. She carried with her a little parcel of Ceylon tea, and with her fingers took up and placed in the tea-urn a very small quantity, apparently insufficient for a single cup, though usually she prepared enough for several cups for herself and some for her daughters; most of them, however, drank coffee. The Ceylon tea is made of the blossoms or buds of the tea-plant and not of the leaves themselves. It is only necessary, therefore, to use a very small quantity as compared with the amount ordinarily required. The fragrance of the tea was such, says the writer in the *Item*, that it filled the outer dining-room. One of the inquisitive guests made inquiries in reference to its cost, and was told that it was called Bhud tea, and was imported expressly for the use of the Princess. More than this he could not learn. Ceylon tea, since its use by the Princess has become known, has been greatly favored by English tea-drinkers, and the importations of it during the last few years have marvelously increased. So successful has the business become that a branch of the Lon-

don house has been established in New York, with its offices in the Judge building, 110 Fifth Avenue. The Ceylon teas imported by this company have within a few months achieved a wonderful reputation in the United States. It was Blud Ceylon tea that was served at the banquet to President Harrison while he was visiting Mount McGregor. The cost of the tea served at this banquet was twenty-three dollars a pound, and its aroma made the Hotel Balmoral smell like a Japanese tea-house.—*The Northwestern Gazette.*

THE GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

THE game of foot-ball is everywhere growing in popularity. Thousands of enthusiastic admirers throng to every game and "root" for their favorite team or college. The sport is unquestionably manly and invigorating, and brings out all the player's strongest physical qualities. It trains a man for hard work, for the moment he dons the tight-laced jacket and padded pants he enters upon a great and serious task, not only in familiarizing himself with the fine points of the game, but in equipping himself for greater and better work in the arena of life. It teaches him many traits of self-denial and endurance. Some of the most successful business men of to-day acquired the first rudiments of the physical education which has stood them in good stead in the stress and strain of business life, in the college "cage."

In watching a foot-ball match the casual observer is apt to get the impression that it is a brutal pastime because of the collisions and serious falls to which the players are subjected, but these experiences are no more severe than those of the acrobat in preparing himself for his exploits in the circus arena. There are times when the players come in such violent contact with each other that the result is serious, but as the game means victory to one and defeat to the other, the participants are not likely to make much of a fuss about a slight knock-down or two.

The daily life of the college foot-ball player is by no means easy. It is one of constant application to the care of mind and body. In the first place he is obliged to rise early and hurry to the training-table, where both the "varsity" and "scrub" teams lay a good solid foundation for the day's work. After breakfast they attend to their studies and go to recitations. About eleven o'clock the trainer musters them for cold lunch, and this disposed of they proceed to the field for an hour or two of practice. When the captain is done with them the ever-ready trainer takes them in hand and puts them through a sort of bath and the rubbing-down process with whisky. If a member happens to feel a little strained in the leg or arm a plaster or a silk rubber stocking or bandage is applied. By this time dinner is ready. After this comes a few hours of study, or maybe of rest, if that is thought desirable. Supper follows, and then the whole team go into the "cage" and practice the signal code for an hour or two. As this is a very important part of the training it has to be done thoroughly. The mistakes and defects of the play on the field are then pointed out by the captain to his men.

The prospects of the three university teams, this fall, are being widely discussed. No doubt we shall see just as good foot-ball this year, if not better, than last. Harvard, of course, is very conservative, while the "tigers" from Princeton have shown great form and the Yale boys are working with might and main with a view of winning a victory.

Our pictures are from photographs expressly made for us and are correct in every particular. J. C. H.

LIFE INSURANCE.—QUESTION-BOX.

I AM in receipt of a letter from the Superintendent of Insurance of a Western State, who says: "I receive nearly all the insurance journals, and would like to add to my file FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY." I have referred the communication of my honored correspondent to the constituted authorities of this paper, and they see no reason why he should not pay for his subscription to the best illustrated newspaper in the land the same as any other person.

I have said so much about the cheap endowment orders that it surprises me to hear that any of my readers do not understand them. The papers are constantly filled with reports of the failure of endowment orders. A Boston dispatch recently said that the National Congress of Friends, a three-year endowment order, had made an assignment. This order has been spoken of in my column as one that my readers should avoid, and the proof of it is found in its bankruptcy. All the orders that offer a great deal for a little or nothing are unsafe. A vast number have sprung up during the last two years. They have reaped a golden harvest, and many of them have gone out of existence, while others are simply struggling to make both ends meet.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., NOVEMBER 30, 1891. *Hermit*:—I do not wish to take much of your time, but noting the discussions of insurance companies by "The Hermit" in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, I should like to inquire if the Order of Juno is a reliable company, and will it fulfill its promises to its members? A circular has been handed to me, and it seems a member gets something for almost nothing. Have you ever discussed the reliability of this company in your paper, and if so, will you kindly tell me in what number of same it can be found; or, if you have not discussed the same, will you inform me by mail whether or not this insurance company is a reliable one or not? Awaiting your pleasure, I remain Yours very respectfully, W. G. K.

Ans.—I have answered a similar inquiry some time ago, and will repeat what I then said, that this order offers too much for too little. My correspondent is right when he says that it seems that a member "gets something for almost nothing." The cost of becoming a member of the Order of Juno is \$6.50; the dues are \$1 a quarter, and the assessments range from 50 cents to \$2.50. "It is estimated"—mark the language—"that thirteen assessments in one year will, considering the safeguards adopted to protect the funds, be ample to meet maturing certificates." The circular adds: "The assessments may not be more than twelve, and in all human probability, based upon the experience of societies and insurance companies for the past twenty years, they will never exceed fifteen in one year. At the highest calculation, fifteen assessments a year of \$2.50 each, the cost will be but \$37.50 for \$1,000 in seven years."

The above is what is calculated, and the calculation is based, as all other calculations of this kind have been, upon the assumption that a large number of certificates will lapse just in the proportion that insurance policies are permitted to lapse; but it has been found that the practical result is different, and that few holders of certificates give them up, while a fair percentage of insurance policies are permitted, from various reasons, to drop.

The point I make is that the Order of Juno can levy as many assessments as it sees fit in order to meet its liabilities. Heaven knows how heavy they may be; I don't; but I would avoid all such insurance com-

panies, that offer a thousand dollars in return for an investment of little more than a quarter of that amount. It cannot be done.

EUGENE, OREGON, OCTOBER 26TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—As a constant reader of FRANK LESLIE'S I would be much obliged if you would advise me in the following: I am now sixty-one years old, single, without kith or kin. Some three years ago I invested in the New York Life, buying an annuity. I have some money now which I know not what to do with. It seems like carrying all my eggs in one basket to do as I did three years ago. Would you kindly advise as to the safety of such an investment, or if I could do the same in another company whose standing is equally good? Trusting you will kindly make reply in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED, I remain, sir, Yours truly, J. M. A.

Ans.—An annuity can be obtained in other companies beside the New York Life. Companies like the Mutual Life and the Equitable Life also dispose of a sort of an insurance bond which provides both life insurance and investment. If "J. M. A." will communicate with the officers of either of these companies, or their agents, he will obtain the information he seeks. Many men with large means consider these insurance bonds as a very acceptable and desirable form of investment and insurance combined. I have no doubt of the entire responsibility of the New York Life and of the permanence of its annuities.

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, OCTOBER 21ST, 1891. *Hermit*:—Believing that your question-box on life insurance is open to all readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, I venture to ask for information relative to an American company. Can you give me any information as to the reliability and permanence of a society styled "The Sons of Temperance National Mutual Relief Society"? Its head office is supposed to be at Washington, D. C., but its manager lives at Jefferson, N. H. I believe it has existed about ten or eleven years. Possibly if not able to inform me yourself you might furnish me with the name of some State Commissioner or official who might be able. If so, I shall be glad. Please answer me in your column under nom de plume of "Terra Nova" merely, without my initials or address. Awaiting the favor of your reply, I am, sir, Yours respectfully, TERRA NOVA.

Ans.—I have no information of the society named and do not find it recorded in the report of the New York Department. If "Terra Nova" will send me further information I will endeavor to make the inquiry suggested.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 30, 1891. *Hermit*:—A man in our employ is insured in the United States Masonic Benevolent Association, Council Bluffs, Ia. His assessment has been four dollars every two months for the past three years, neither more or less, which has caused suspicions, as assessments generally vary. Please answer in your column in FRANK LESLIE'S what you think of the company and oblige, Yours truly, M. S. N.

Ans.—The United States Masonic Benevolent Association, of Council Bluffs, has been in business since February, 1886. Its income during 1890 is reported at a little over \$335,000, and its disbursements at nearly \$217,000. It doesn't do a very extensive business but makes a fair showing, as it reports a balance of total invested assets of nearly \$125,000. It had at the beginning of 1890 only four certificates issued in the State of New York, but wrote nearly ten times that number during the year. It is by no means a large company, but seems to be managed economically.

The Hermit.

THE THEATRES.

"NIOBE," once all tears, now keeps all laughing at the Bijou Theatre. This purest of farce-comedies, which has had a most prosperous run of four months, will shortly leave the Bijou to tour the larger cities. "Niobe" is the work of Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton, and they have certainly duplicated the success of their "Erminie."

If one wishes to enjoy something entirely new he should go to see "Miss Helyett," at the Star Theatre. It is a musical comedy from the French of Maxime Boucheron, with music by Audran.

"La Cigale" is packing the Garden Theatre nightly. This extremely pretty opera has been running for two years in London, and from all indications, it is likely to have an equal run here. The cast is a very strong one, and includes Streitmenn, Sig. Tagliapietra, Charles Dungan, Louis Harrison, James G. Peakes, Arthur Ryley, Attalie Claire, Ethel Ross-Selwicke, Susanne Leonard, and Lillian Russell. Never has Miss Russell appeared to better advantage. Messrs. Streitmenn and Tagliapietra, on account of their defective English, have been handled rather roughly by the critics, but each performance is like a good lesson, and they are rapidly mastering the language. Mr. Dungan, as an amatory duke, gives an almost perfect performance, while Messrs. Harrison and Ryley furnish the usual amount of fun. The singing of Miss Claire and the dancing of Miss Selwicke add greatly to the pleasure of the visitor.

"The Man with a Hundred Heads" is not at a museum, but is now playing at Hermann's, and Mr. Dixey is the gentleman with the numerous upper stories. The comedy—or, rather, sketch—is from the German of Carl and Hugo Rosenfeld, and while it is extremely trivial, yet it is made rather interesting by Mr. Dixey's clever work.

"A Trip to Chinatown" opened on the 9th inst. at the Madi-



MR. SOTHERN AND HIS DOG "BULLY BOY," IN "THE DANCING GIRL."

son Square Theatre. From this on this house will be under the management of Messrs. Hoyt & Thomas, and will be given up entirely to plays from Mr. Hoyt's pen.

Mr. Sothern will shortly leave the Lyceum Theatre, and will visit all the principal cities. His present play, "The Dancing Girl," has met with tremendous success, and is really the best work this clever artist has done.

"The Lost Paradise" opened at Proctor's on the 17th inst.



SCENE FROM "THE LOST PARADISE."

with an unusually strong cast, and will undoubtedly meet with success. WINDSOR.

WALL STREET.—THE OUTLOOK.

THE market has had its ups and downs during the past week.

The encouraging signs were seen in the excellent reports of earnings presented by some of the grain-carrying railroads like St. Paul and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. Evidence of the growth of Western business was found in the continued reports abroad of the car famine and of the embarrassment of handling the grain that was arriving at several Western points like Kansas City, Mo.

It is said that both corn and potatoes, as well as wheat, are coming East in such steady volume that cars cannot be found to meet the demands upon the railroads. There is a dim suspicion that some of the railroads prefer this situation until lake communication has closed, which will be shortly.

Just as soon as this sort of annoying competition is at an end railroad rates will, no doubt, be advanced as usual, and there will be plenty of cars for all. It is unfortunate that at such a time the Canadian railroads, which enter into competition with our own and are not embarrassed by the Interstate Commerce act, as American railroads generally are, can cut rates and make things unpleasant without fear of the consequences.

The renewed activity in Cotton Oil and Chicago Gas indicates that the manipulators of both these properties propose to put them up. Those who purchased Chicago Gas on my advice all the way from 35 upward have had no reason to regret it. It is said to be still marked for an advance. I have favored it because it was a dividend-paying stock and thus paid its way, so to speak.

On the other side of the market stands the Maverick Bank failure—a bad one, much worse than was at first supposed; the complications in the Richfield Terminal which are constantly breaking out, and which may not be settled without considerable difficulty; additional litigations in the Lead Trust, which is a property to avoid, and the noticeable weakness in the anthracite coal shares. I have no doubt that some of the heavy holders of the coal shares are entirely willing to see a lower market for them. The circumstances surrounding their rapid rise and their present decline indicates that insiders have sold out, and are now working to get what they want back at much lower prices than they received. This is an old trick, but it seems to work from year to year.

I am still inclined to believe that the market, especially for bonds and dividend-payers, is to move upward. The one strong club the bears can wield is the silver agitation and the Farmers' Alliance nonsense expected at the opening of Congress. While business generally in the East is not as good as it might be, possibly because of the unseasonable weather and the fact that a year ago purchases were made on too heavy a scale, yet there are many evidences that the good effects of the great crops will all around for business interests. The market may decline, but it will be only temporary, in my judgment. Money bids fair to be quite easy from now on, and that will tend to aid the stock market.

I have received the following, which will reply to an inquiry of recent date:

KNOXVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 20, 1891. *Jasper*:—We notice your reply to the inquiry concerning the Southern Building and Loan Association, of Knoxville, Tenn. We herewith inclose for your examination the eleventh quarterly report of the association referred to, and would remind you that the association, at the present time, has about fifteen thousand stockholders, and has issued stock to the amount of about ten millions. You can readily learn further with regard to the standing of the association from Dunn's Agency, or any other reputable commercial agency. Respectfully, S. M. JOHNSON, Gen. Mgr.

Ans.—I suggest that my correspondent follow the advice of General Manager Johnson, and inquire of some commercial agency regarding the standing of the concern.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—Can you give me any information regarding Colorado Coal and Iron Company? Would you advise the buying of same? Where can I get a statement of the M., K. and T. Company? Yours, etc., SPECULATOR.

Ans.—I would not advise the purchase of Colorado Coal and Iron Company's stock. It has been subject to too many fluctuations and to too many manipulations. (2) You can get a statement of the M., K. and T. Company by addressing Mr. H. B. Henson, Secretary Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, New York City.

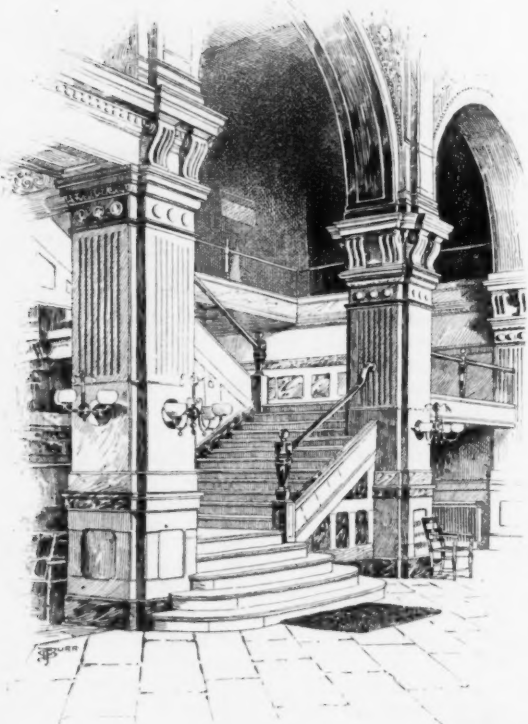
OCTOBER 31ST, 1891. *Jasper*:—I have about \$1,000 which is lying idle, and I would like to invest it in some first-class, gilt-edge bond, paying from four to six per cent. Now what would you advise me to buy? I would like to get a first-class bond that is likely to advance (Continued on page 252.)



THE NICOLLET HOUSE.



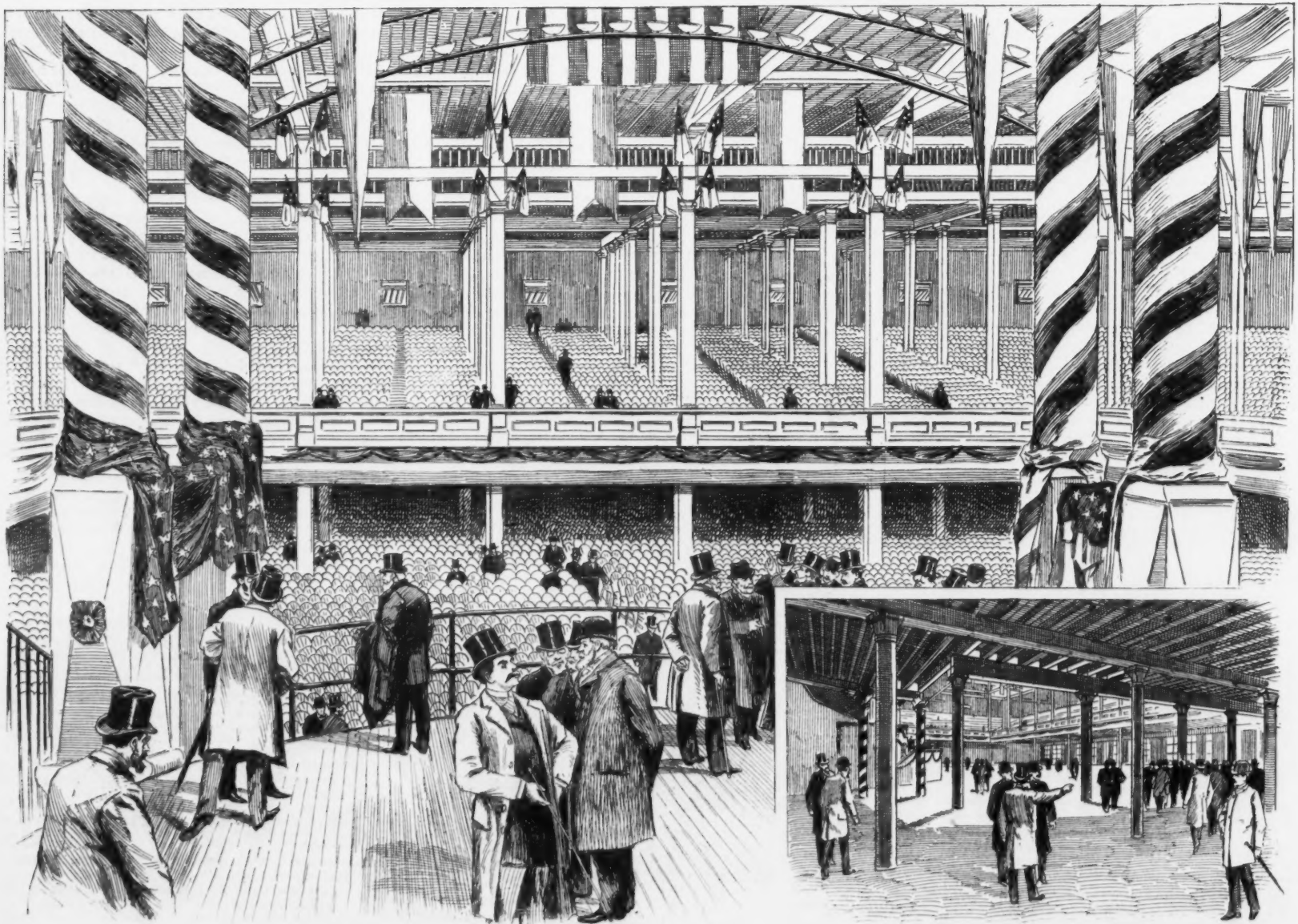
THE WEST HOTEL.



GRAND STAIRWAY, WEST HOTEL.



THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



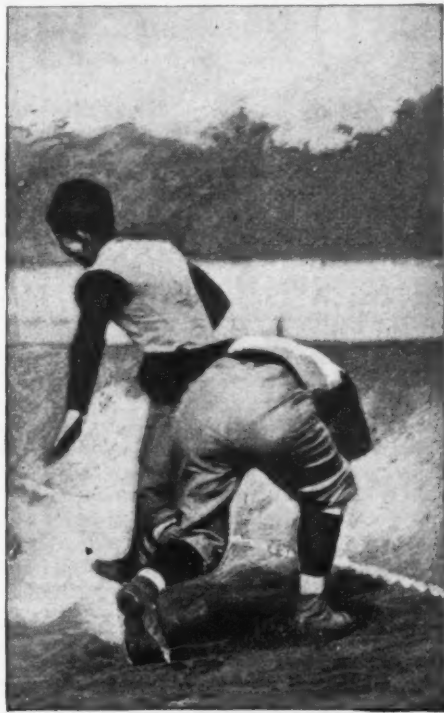
THE AUDITORIUM, FROM THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM.

CONVENTION HALL, FROM UNDER ONE SIDE OF BALCONY.

WHERE SHALL THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION BE HELD?—THE ATTRACTIONS OFFERED BY THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.—ITS HALLS, HOTELS, AND GENERAL CONVENIENCES.—[SEE PAGE 256.]



HAROLD (PRINCETON) RUNNING WITH THE BALL.



WARREN (PRINCETON) TACKLING.



GOOD TACKLE BY WALLIS (YALE).



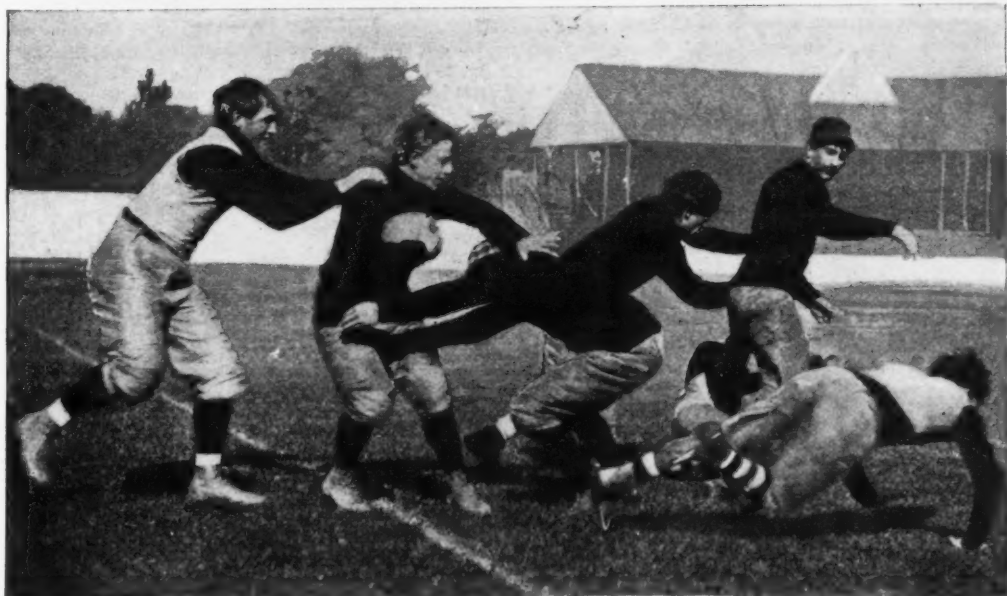
KING (PRINCETON) "GUARDING OFF" AN INTERFERENCE.



MCCORMICK (YALE) PUNTS.



MCCORMICK (YALE) CATCHES FROM THE QUARTER-BACK FOR A PUNT.



VINCENT (PRINCETON) BREAKING UP AN INTERFERENCE.



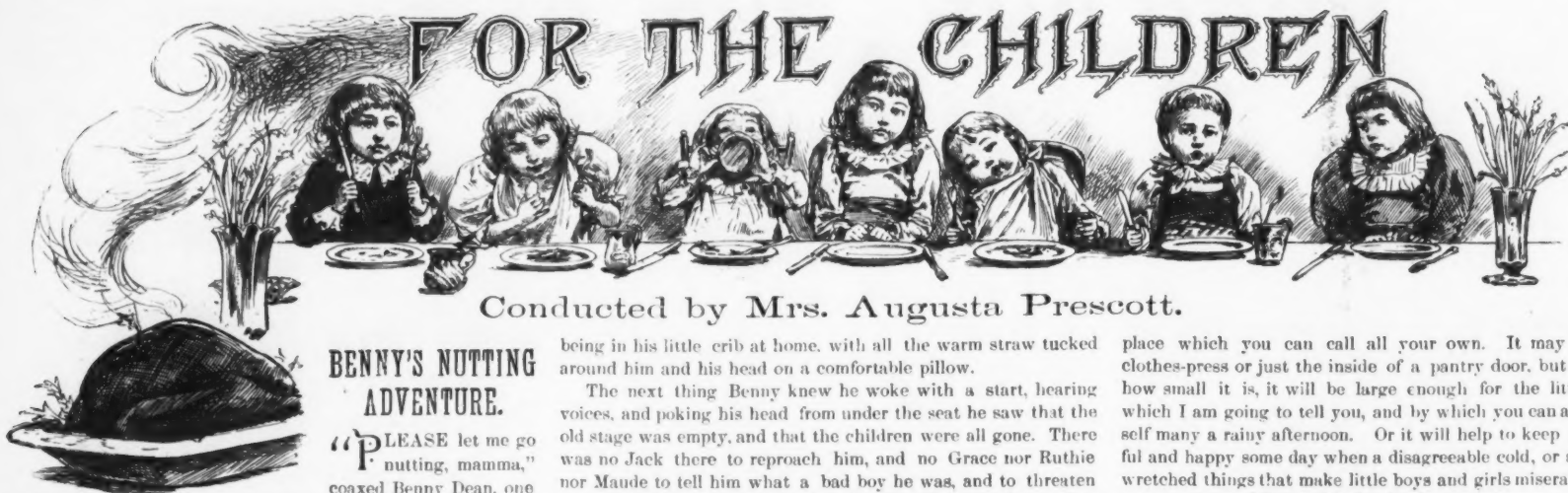
POE'S (PRINCETON) SURE GRIP.



HOMANS (PRINCETON) KICKS A GOAL.



HEFFELFINGER AND STILLMAN (YALE) BREAK THE CENTRE.



BENNY'S NUTTING ADVENTURE.

"PLEASE let me go nutting, mamma," coaxed Benny Dean, one morning at the breakfast-table, when the other boys and girls of the family were hurrying through their breakfast for a day in the woods, gathering chestnuts from their prickly burs and coaxing the butternuts to come out of their brown, furry skins.

"No, don't let him go this time, mamma; he will be so much in the way," urged Grace, Benny's oldest sister, who rejoiced in the dignity of fourteen years, and who felt that by right of age alone she owned a controlling voice in all the affairs of the family, even to the government of the children.

"We don't want any kids," exclaimed Jack, Benny's brother, who was sixteen, and who had a profound contempt for small boys. "Tom Welling is coming over to go with us, and Tom says he isn't going to bring his little brother. We can't bother with children this time."

Ruthie and Maud, the ten-year-old twins of the family, joined in the petition to be allowed to go once without any children along, and Mrs. Dean, with a reluctant sigh over Benny's disappointment, said as gently as she could:

"Very well, children; you may go by yourselves this time, and Benny and I will stay at home and enjoy ourselves in some way. Perhaps we will pop corn, or we may have a little candy-pull. Anyway, we will have a good time. Abner can go with you and drive old Bess down to the clearing, where you can leave her while you all have lunch in the woods."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted all the children, and Benny's poor little whimper was completely drowned in the grand hubbub which took place while the boys and girls were getting on their hats and jackets, putting up lunches, and carrying the basket, out to the old stage which did duty every year for family picnics and nutting parties.

Poor little Benny watched it all as quietly as he could, while he choked down a big lump in his throat and wondered what in the world he would do all day long with Ruth and Maud gone, and no big brother to run after and admire. Even mamma seemed to have forgotten him, for she was distractedly rushing out to the stage with a box of mysterious-looking packages which Benny knew were full of good things to eat, and then she would stop by the way to tie a scarf or look up a pair of mittens which had been dropped and whose small owner would bitterly need them when it came to handling the prickly burs and the rough nuts.

Benny watched it all with a swelling heart, and then, seeing how completely neglected he was, a feeling of indignation took possession of him, and a desire for revenge filled his small soul.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Dean, gathering them all around her, "when you stop for Tom Welling and his sister be sure that you do not crowd out of the back of the stage, or fall over the front of it. And when you get to the Munsons—you may stop there for Bert and Florence if you wish—be sure that you do not get under the wheels or get hurt in any way. I shall worry about you all day, you know. This is the first year that I have ever let you go alone, but Jack is sixteen now and Grace is fourteen, and," looking proudly at them, "I feel as if I could trust you in their care. I have told Abner to tie old Bess well, and then he is to find a nice place in the woods for you, and he will cut branches for seats and make you all as comfortable as possible. Now, good-bye, my darlings, and have a good time, every one of you, and do not stay later than four o'clock."

"Good-bye, good-bye," they all shouted, and the next minute the stage was filled with bright, happy children driving away for a day's nutting in the woods.

When Mrs. Dean turned around to go back into the house she did not notice for the moment that baby Benny was gone, and when she thought of him ten minutes later, it was only to think that her little six-year-old was playing by himself in some quiet corner and having a happy time, as was his way when he had no one to play with him.

But where was Benny? While Mrs. Dean was talking to the children he stood by her side listening a minute quietly, and then, when no one was looking, he crept softly away, climbed up the steps of the old stage, and creeping in under one of the seats, was snugly stowed away underneath the straw without any one having an idea that he was there. Against his small feet there was a pail of something, which Benny guessed was milk. Fresh from sweet Bessie that very morning. And when the stage jostled over the rough roads Benny put out his little hands and touched a hot bundle which he knew well was full of turnovers and apple-tarts, and all the nice things which boys and girls love to take with them on picnics. It was dreadfully hard to be left out of it all in this way, and Benny quieted his conscience by thinking that it wasn't fair to treat him that way, and that he had a right to go, even if he had to go under the seat.

The Wellings got in the stage with much laughter and chatter, and Bert and Munson got on their hats in a jiffy and were soon waving good-bye to Mrs. Munson, who watched them off from the piazza. Benny heard it all with anger and indignation still swelling his heart until it was almost breaking, and then, Benny never could tell exactly how it happened, but as the stage bumped on over the road, he fell asleep. It was so much like

being in his little crib at home, with all the warm straw tucked around him and his head on a comfortable pillow.

The next thing Benny knew he woke with a start, hearing voices, and poking his head from under the seat he saw that the old stage was empty, and that the children were all gone. There was no Jack there to reproach him, and no Grace nor Ruthie nor Maud to tell him what a bad boy he was, and to threaten to take him right back home. Yet, Benny had dreamed that they were talking to him, and he listened a minute for their voices.

But how strangely unfamiliar the voices were! They were rough, hard voices that Benny heard, and in his fright he drew his head back in under the seat and listened. Surely there were men talking, and this is what they were saying:

"Have the kids got out of sight yet? Wait a minute till you see 'em go down over the hill. There they go."

And then another voice, a big, rough voice, harder and coarser than the other, said:

"We're all right now. They're good for six or eight hours. You get up on the box and drive, and I'll get inside."

"No, yer don't. If I gets up on that box you gets up on it too. They ain't goin' to be haulin' me up for horse-stealin' while you slips out o' the old coach and gits away. Not much. We both gets up on that box."

Benny's heart stood perfectly still for a moment. He was nearly dead with fright. His bright little brain grasped the idea that Abner and the children were out of sight, and that here were two bold, bad men going to steal old Bess and the stage and drive away, and it would be four or five hours before any one would know that they had gone. Poor little Benny lay perfectly still for a moment, and then, before he knew what was happening, the two men had climbed up on the seat and were turning Old Bess's head in the direction of the cross roads, which Benny knew led way on beyond to a big city, where people could be lost and never found again.

Benny did not cry out at all. He was too frightened for that, but his little wits were all at work thinking what to do. Creeping as quickly as he could toward the back of the stage, he lowered himself down little by little upon the broad old steps, and when he had reached the bottom one he dropped off, and was rolling among the dead leaves while the stage rattled on, and the men never knew that they had dropped a small passenger by the way.

In the meantime the children over the hill had reached an open place and were getting ready for the fun of the day. Suddenly they were startled to see a little figure come tearing over the hill toward them. It was hatless, and as it got near enough they saw that it was Benny—but Benny with his eyes so frightened and his face so white that they hardly knew him.

"Oh, Benny! Benny! Benny!" shouted they with one accord. "Oh, Benny, where did you come from? What is the matter?"

But Benny, with his voice all gone except little gasps, could only sob out:

"Abner, Abner, Old Bess is gone. Two men over to the city—gone, gone."

Abner, who saw that something serious must have happened, took up the frightened Benny and tried to question him. But all Benny could say, was: "Two big men—Old Bess—gone—run away—gone."

"Hurrying up to the top of the hill, Abner looked, and a glance told him all.

It was only the work of a few minutes to hurry to the nearest neighbor's, and with the aid of a fleet horse to overtake old Bess, who had not carried her robbers more than a mile or two before they were caught.

Of course the day's sport was broken up, but it had been such an exciting day that no one was sorry to give up the nutting expedition for so wonderful an adventure. Benny was quite the hero of the hour, and when he was taken home, in Abner's arms, triumphantly behind old Bess and placed in his mother's lap, he was so wild with joy over the way he had saved old Bess that Mrs. Dean could not find it in her heart to reproach him.

"Now, really, mamma," said he, "aren't you glad I went? If I hadn't gone, and if I hadn't fallen asleep in the stage, old Bess would have been stolen, and how dreadfully, how dreadfully we would all have felt!"

But Mrs. Dean only smiled. She did not know exactly what to say in reply, and so Benny is still of the firm opinion that all is well that ends well.

MAKING THE NURSERY PRETTY.

HAVE you a play-room, little boy, little girl? If you have, you know how much you enjoy going there with all your playthings for an afternoon all by yourself, when you can feel that you are living in a little world of your very own—a world of steam-engines, Noah's arks, woolly sheep, long-eared donkeys, and flocks without number.

But it may be that your home is not large enough to permit you to have a room all by yourself. There may be other little boys and girls in the family, and so many babies that mamma and the nurse need all the room there is for cribs and cradles and little high-chairs, so that you must play in any corner you can.

Now this talk is for little boys and girls who have no large, roomy nursery, as well as for those who are so fortunate as to have a play-room all to themselves.

Somewhere, in some corner of the house, there will be a little

place which you can call all your own. It may be only a clothes-press or just the inside of a pantry door, but no matter how small it is, it will be large enough for the little plan of which I am going to tell you, and by which you can amuse yourself many a rainy afternoon. Or it will help to keep you cheerful and happy some day when a disagreeable cold, or some of the wretched things that make little boys and girls miserable, forbids you to go out of doors and play in the open air.

Since the game has no name, we might give it one and christen it the Little Art Gallery.

You know what an art gallery is, do you not? Perhaps you have heard some one talking about an art gallery, or you may have been taken to one yourself, sometime. And if you have ever been there you remember how pictures were hung all round the wall, way from the ceiling almost down to the floor. And how pretty they looked! And how much some of them interested you!

Now the Little Art Gallery is on the same plan, but it is even more interesting to you than any you have ever seen, because you are going to make it yourself; and you know how very much you enjoy anything that you can do for yourself. You need not go out of doors to buy anything, nor need you ask any one to help you, unless indeed you coax mamma to give you a pair of scissors and a cup of nice, thick flour paste. The materials for the work may all be found in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Begin at almost any place in the magazine, and turn over the pages until you come to what you think is the prettiest picture in the book. You will probably find it in the pages among the advertisements, because there are ever so many pictures there which are made especially for little boys and girls, and which are so pretty that one can look at them a long time without getting tired of them. Perhaps you can find a picture of a big, fat, pretty baby, with his face all smiles, and the happiest look upon his face that you ever saw.

Cut out the picture carefully and cover the back of it with a thin coat of paste. Now, if you have been given one side of a room for your play, paste the picture upon the wall as near the centre as you can, and then get ready to decorate the rest of the wall.

But suppose that you are one of the little boys and girls who cannot have as big a play-ground as that, and who have been given just one door upon which to amuse themselves. In that case take the picture of the baby and paste it near what seems to you the middle panel of the door, taking care that the paste does not get on the outside of the picture.

Turn over the leaves of the magazine again and find a picture of something to please the baby. Cut this out as neatly as you can and paste it near the baby, as if the baby were looking at it



THE LITTLE ART GALLERY.

and enjoying it himself. Next, if you look closely you will find another sweet picture of a baby. It is one of the prettiest little things you ever saw in your life, and it will make you laugh every time you look at it. Paste that near the first baby, and then go on, all through the advertisements, cutting out pictures and pasting them on, until you have a door which is indeed a work of art.

When it is done you will enjoy it ever so much, and at bedtime, when you are ready to hear a story before you close your eyes for a trip into Dreamland, you will find that mamma can always think of a story just as soon as she looks at the pretty pictures upon that door.

When the next rainy day comes, Bridget or Chloe, or maybe Pat, the hired man, will come up and soak off all the pictures for you with a little hot water, and then you can make another little art gallery, and play the same game over and over again, many, many times.

If mamma objects to having the door decorated in this way, tell her how easily it will all come off, and then she will surely laugh and tell you to make the little art gallery as soon as you like, and that she will help you.

GRAPHOLOGY.

SEND IN YOUR HANDWRITING AND HAVE YOUR CHARACTER READ.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY offers to all subscribers a new and most unique possibility, namely, to see themselves reflected with wonderful accuracy by the marvelous science of graphology, or reading of character from handwriting.

Wishing to afford our subscribers an opportunity to avail themselves freely of the results of this charming science, we have selected a lady of rare intellectual qualities, gifted with keen critical powers and that intuitive insight necessary to read handwriting.

We have, with methodical care and at great expense, caused her to be educated for this purpose. She has recently returned from Europe, where she has studied in Germany in the great centres of thought and mathematical investigation; at Ragatz, the summer residence of one of Germany's greatest graphologists; and in Paris. She has read in the large libraries valuable writings of the East, that fountain-head of all subtle thought. Conviction and enthusiasm have grown with research, and she now stands so prepared by this cruise of special study, that we offer her services with confidence, and as a free gift to our readers.

Graphology, drawn from sources of Oriental subtilty, and fed by streams of modern thought, stands to-day in Europe a flowing fountain of knowledge, leading to the better comprehension of mankind. To the student it is matter for deep and thoughtful speculation.

To those ever searching for something new to elevate and cultivate their minds; to parents seeking careers for their sons; to young men and maidens standing uncertain upon the brink of a mysterious future; to those wishing for a better understanding of themselves, or aiming to pass an idle moment in merry pleasure; to all, a source of unflinching and truthful reply to their queries.

Often by bringing into prominence a leading characteristic and touching into light some unknown talent or half-suspected capacity, illuminating with bright sunshine the ever-flowing roadway to success, upon whose tide so many ships, when the hand at the helm has been strong, have sailed into havens of happiness.

To place the matter briefly: We offer each full yearly subscriber to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER one graphological picture—to be a minute and circumstantial reading of character from the handwriting of subscriber, or from that of any one person sent to our care indorsed with full name and address of subscriber.

To each reader of this issue of the paper and of all subsequent issues containing this department, one short reading—to be a brief sketch of leading psychological traits of the reader, or of any one person indorsed by the reader.

All applications to consist of at least twenty lines of handwriting, signed with full name of applicant. Such communications shall be considered strictly confidential, and should be addressed as follows: FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, Graphological Department, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. To each application must be attached the printed heading of the paper (showing date line) for the week in which the application is sent.

All answers to be published once a month in our new Colored Edition, in the order in which they are received by the department, and under any initials or name specified in application, together with the name of the city or town from which they may be dated.

Do not use single letters or ordinary combinations—as A. B. C., or X. Y. Z.—since in such cases confusion would be the inevitable result, because many persons might send in the same signatures.

We are fortunately able to reproduce in fac-simile the handwriting or signatures of a few prominent men of the day, and we give with them brief sketches of the traits and qualities which are to be read on and between the lines.

PROFESSOR TOTTEN.

The signature of Professor Totten is that of a soldier, a scientist, and a man of the world. In it and between the lines ambition, activity, ardor, perseverance, energy, and scientific ability are visible in very marked degree. It is difficult to imagine an obstacle he would not hopefully endeavor to overcome. There

is self-esteem, a perfect comprehension of his own capacities, and a disposition to be upon the most excellent terms with himself. He possesses originality, candor, truth, and staying power. Has great capacity for the comprehension and execution of detail; is stout of heart and strong of will. Is perhaps somewhat of a martinet. He is fluent and ready in construction, clear in explanation, and lucid of mind. Is practical rather than imaginative, though not altogether devoid of the latter quality. His temperament is full of go, his will inflexible, and a matter of importance entrusted to him would be placed in good and capable hands.

L. P. MORTON.

The signature of Vice-President L. P. Morton suggests at first glance a suspicion of ill-health, a sense of physical discouragement, slight, perhaps, but distinct. It is easy to infer that Mr. Morton finds his position in life pleasant and to his taste. He is firm of purpose and clear in intention, but would yield to a logical and convincing argument. He is in no way eccentric or

imaginative. Has some touch of originality. Is not ordinarily wasteful or extravagant, but expenditure for the attainment of what he might consider a good end would be a virtue rather than a fault in his eyes. He has a very ready appreciation of the pleasing and beautiful.

From the hand of Sir Edwin Arnold—a writer so lofty in thought, so finished in execution—we may look for a high type of poetic appreciation and artistic taste. Indications of an analytical mind, with clear reasoning power, logical sequence of idea, critical and intuitive deduction in marked degree, candor, versatility, observation, discrimination, and original thought are very clear. Good judgment is apparent and a keen sense of form and artistic taste. Great ardor. The high ideals of a refined, ready imagination and a cultivated, ambitious mind. Ideals that will scarcely be attained in full, for so great is ambition, so strong imagination, that the goal will be ever distant, fleeing to loftier heights as the traveler fares onward and upward. He is graceful and fluent in speech, agreeable in conversation. Composes with facility, but not the facility of vivid impulse, but rather the ease of culture, carefulness, and assured knowledge of the subject in hand. He is a persevering and ascending worker, and has great capacity for taking pains. Is economical in effort. It is fair to infer that Sir Edwin Arnold would not engage in the

Edward Home New York Nov. 1.
Sir Edwin Arnold returns his
best thanks for the invitation to the
Fitzroy House on Nov. 6, but regrets
that his engagements prevent him
accepting the pleasure so courteously
offered.

formulation of any literary subject until his mind had been swept, garnished, and well furnished, but once prepared, his well regulated brain would work with rapidity and precision. His is a handwriting sometimes termed lucky, but luck, be it remembered, is often but the result of energy, persevering in a definite direction. He is kindly, but firm, with much tenacity of purpose and staying power. Is tactful, persevering, and ambitious, and shows that quality of pride and self-respect unflinching in one who has tasted success. Lastly, he has a poetic and graceful temperament, is calm and a lover of ease, with keen appreciation of all that is pleasing to the senses. A dreamer, a poet, who, lapped in soft sounds, soothed by sweet odors, could drift upon clouds of incense to a very Nirvana of peace.

So surely does graphology reflect the temper of the mind, that to publish a reading from the hand of Sir Edwin Arnold is only to add, by way of welcome, one more tribute to the many already laid at the feet of this refined and poetic writer.

J. S. FASSETT.

An intelligent and ready mind with fluent speech. A kindly temperament with a touch of something sympathetic and appreciative. Practical energy that does not easily tire, ardent am-

bition, tact, and self-possession, and much tenacity with activity, are the suggestions made by the signature of Mr. Fassett.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

shows a cool and deliberate temperament, that would well calculate a chance and not be easily disconcerted. Ready fluency

and connected ideas, but not the fluency of impulse, rather that of mental coolness and great presence of mind. Self-esteem, personal pride, great ambition, and a desire to win, but also caution

and reticence, are visible. He is very capable of keeping his own counsel. Intelligence, education, and good taste are evident; also good nature and a bit of finesse. Mr. Depew has calm strength of will and great self-control.

THOMAS C. PLATT.

From the signature of Mr. Platt may be read a certain amount of ambition, reticence in regard to his own affairs and plans, diplomatic intention and caution. He is uncommunicative in

general, but sufficiently ready of idea. Is not an idealist or imaginative, but would probably show considerable determination in the pursuit of an object should his ambition be once aroused.



ALL children are invited to send in the answer to the following puzzle. The names of those who send in a correct solution will be printed next month. Write only on one side of the paper, and address all letters to Puzzledom.

A GEOGRAPHICAL GUESSWHAT.

One day last (cape on the coast of New Jersey), (cape on the coast of Virginia) (city in Mississippi) and (city in Australia) (city in Massachusetts) planned a nutting party that they were going to have in October. So one day last week they started for the (lake in British America). The morning was not (cape on the coast of New Jersey), but as the boys thought it would (cape on the coast of Ireland), they set out with a (city in Italy) luncheon. There was more than one (islands in the Pacific Ocean) made of (country in Europe), and (mountains in New Jersey) for each of the boys, a (peak of the White Mountains) pie, some (one of the United States) peaches, and (mountains in Africa) custard put up in (river in Australia) little cups.

Soon the weather became more (islands in the Pacific Ocean), and the boys saw a (lake in New York) in the sky to tell them their (cape on the coast of Washington) was brief, and the (lake in Minnesota) weather was over. The boys gathered all the nuts they could possibly carry home, ate their lunch, and then played that they were hunters. First they shot a (lake in British America), then a (strait in British America), and finally a (lake in British America).

Suddenly (city in West Virginia) around (cape on coast of Virginia) (city in Mississippi) saw something (sea in Russia) in the distance. Soon he discovered that it was his sister (city in Italy) and (river in Russia) (river in Florida). The girls had on (sea in Russia) (city in France) dresses, and big (sea on coast of Asia) (city in Italy) hats. Do not (city in Italy) far into the (lake in British America), said (city in Australia), for I think this (sea on coast of Asia) sky is going to become (sea south of Europe) very soon and there will be a storm. It was now getting late and they had just a little (cape on coast of North Carolina) to be out in the dark, so they all said (cape on the coast of Greenland) to the (lake in British America) and ran a (cape on coast of Newfoundland) home.

THE BEST LETTER.

HOW many boys and girls enjoy writing letters, and how many are willing to try for a prize?

Read about it:

Once a month FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is going to issue a special number, in which two whole pages are to be devoted to children. Among the nice things promised there are to be stories, talks with the boys and girls, hints on games and home entertainments, letters from the children, and a puzzle department conducted by the boys and girls themselves.

But we were talking about a prize!

Read this prize offer:

To the boy who writes the best letter before December 10th there will be awarded a pair of skates as a prize.

To the girl who writes the best letter before December 10th there will be awarded a French doll.

The subject of the letter must be "Our School." It need not be a long letter, and it should be written on only one side of the paper. All letters must reach the office before December 10.

Now, boys and girls, write as well as you can, and tell us all about your school. Tell of your favorite studies, your pet teacher, what you take to eat for lunch, and mention anything else which you think will be of interest.

Address your letters to Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Judge Building, New York City.

WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 257.)

and I can sell and make some money. If you think I can do better in buying some low-priced stock, what would you advise buying? What do you think of Richmond Terminal at about 14?

VERMONT.

Ans.—"Vermont" can better invest his \$1,000 in a bond than in any low-priced stock. Richmond Terminal at about 14 is certainly not cheap considering the complications in which it is involved and from which it can only be extricated, I hear, with considerable difficulty. It is selling at present something below 14, and will go considerably lower unless the entire market takes an upward turn. A gilt-edged bond paying four per cent. is the West Shore four, selling at 101 for 102. A bond netting something better is the Lake Erie and Western five selling at 107. Among the still cheaper bonds are Peoria and Eastern four, guaranteed by the big four, selling about 78. I persistently recommended these bonds a year ago when they sold around 50. The Rio Grande and Western four, selling at 78, net about five and three-eighths per cent. to the holder, while the Tennessee Coal and Iron six, selling a little over 90, net something over six per cent. All these bonds are rated as fairly good.

LYNN, OCTOBER 22d, 1891. Jasper:—Will you be kind enough to inform me through your columns about the Thomson-Houston Electric stock? Is it a safe investment to buy it at 50? I understand that they pay one dollar a share dividend every three months.

Yours respectfully, T. H. E.

Ans.—The par value of the Thomson-Houston Electric stock mentioned is only \$25, so that in reality a stock paying a quarterly dividend of \$1 a share nets only eight per cent. on par. The Edison general stock, selling at 95, does as well, and, I think, is equally good, though, of course, Mr. Villard's prominent connection with the concern makes many doubt its standing. Electric stocks pay high dividends and are considered good of their kind, although I would not put all my money in them.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 5th, 1891. Jasper:—Will you please publish in FRANK LESLIE'S your opinion of the following as investments: Western Union Telegraph stock, Mutual Union Telegraph six per cent. bonds, Oregon Short Line first mortgage six per cent. bonds, and Oregon Improvement five per cent. bonds; also, St. Paul preferred stock and Jersey Central stock.

BOSTON INVESTOR.

Ans.—Everything that "Boston Investor" mentions ranks well on the Exchange. For a safe investment I should prefer Jersey Central and St. Paul preferred, and next would come Mutual Union bonds and Western Union stocks. I think more of the Oregon Short Line bonds than I do of the Oregon Improvement Company's bonds, which have lately been in trouble.

JASPER.

THE people's preference—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—Why? Because it never disappoints. For nervous affections, such as neuralgia, sciatica, etc., Salvation Oil is without a peer.

"A UNIQUE corner of the earth."

THE Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 50 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Crop prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

I LIKE my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

ASK for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—take no other.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



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FOR COMPLEXIONS
BAD ROUGH HANDS
AND BABY HUMORS.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it affords no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price 25c.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases," Address: POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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NO OTHER

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

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As a cleansing agent this Potent Beautifier of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples and blotches vanish before it; the scalp is freed from dandruff; the hands become soft and delicate; the lips assume the

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SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

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A POWERFUL SOLVENT OF STONE IN THE BLADDER.

A Huge Stone Weighing Two Ounces and Twenty-seven Grains Dissolves Under Its Action.

Reprint from The New England Medical Monthly for November, 1890.

STONE IN THE BLADDER.



The above plate is from a photograph which forms a part of a communication of Dr. GEORGE H. PIERCE of DANBURY, CONN., to the NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL MONTHLY for November, 1890 (see page 76 of that journal), and represents THE EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE of some of the largest specimens of TWO OUNCES AND TWENTY-SEVEN GRAINS OF DISSOLVED STONE discharged by a Patient designated as "Mr. S." under the action of:

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.

SMALLER PARTICLES AND A QUANTITY OF BRICK DUST DEPOSIT, Dr. P. states, were not estimated.

In BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM, many forms of DYSPEPSIA and NERVOUS DISORDERS, and in the peculiar affections of WOMEN, especially in deranged conditions of the monthly functions, these waters are among the most potent of known remedies.

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, \$5.00, F. O. B. Here. DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS SENT FREE.

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Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.

"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.

"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

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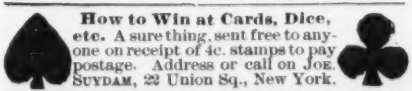


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Adapted to all climates and all variations of temperature. Sold by leading merchants in all principal cities. Illustrated catalogue mailed free on application to HARDERFOLD FABRIC CO., TROY, N. Y. Mention this Magazine.

BICYCLE-RIDING FOR WOMEN.

It will be a matter of gratification to women patrons of the wheel to learn from high medical authorities that bicycle-riding as a pastime is safe, healthful, and desirable. In a paper recently read before a meeting of homeopaths, Dr. R. N. Tucker took occasion to treat this subject fully, and to record the results of his frequent investigations among ladies who affect the habit. So far from finding the practice dangerous, he commends it as health-giving and beneficent in the formation of feminine muscle.

This fad, or fashion, has been so widespread of late that it is well that it should have been looked into and its final effects observed. The American girl, who seizes upon all things with a miraculous facility of apprehension, has mastered the wheel and made it the servant of her pleasure and her health.



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A Break Up.
If the jam of logs increases, there is bound to be a disastrous break up. If the system is allowed to remain clogged, and there is no healthy action of the liver there will be a break up, fever and possibly death. Keep the natural sewage system of the body open with **BEECHAM'S PILLS** and there will be no Weak Stomach, no Impaired Digestion, no Sick-Headache, and no Torpid Liver. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

SALE OF BONDS.

Ten-Twenty Six Per Cent. Gold Bonds.
\$50,000 Funding Bonds of Fergus County, Montana.

The Board of Commissioners of Fergus County, Montana, will on December 7th, 1891, at the office of the County Clerk of said county in the town of Lewistown, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., receive proposals for the sale of Fifty Thousand Dollars of Fergus County Funding Bonds, for the purpose of redeeming and funding outstanding indebtedness of said county.

The Bonds are issued pursuant to Chapter XL of the Compiled Statutes of Montana and amended thereof, said Bonds will bear interest at the rate of not exceeding seven per centum per annum, and will be payable December 1st, 1911, and redeemable after the first day of January, 1902.

Proposals should be addressed to W. H. KELLY, County Clerk of Fergus County, Montana, at Lewistown, Fergus County, Montana, and marked "Proposals for Bonds."

By order of the Board of Commissioners,

W. H. KELLY, County Clerk. Chairman.
[For full particulars as to form of Bond, valuations, etc., address H. B. Palmer, Fiscal Agent of Fergus County, Montana, at Helena, Montana, P. O. Box 178.]

PROPOSALS FOR SALE OF BONDS.

\$150,000 Six Per Cent. 20's, County of Missoula, Montana.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, MISSOULA, MONT.

By order of the County Commissioners of Missoula County, State of Montana, made in regular session on the 11th day of September, 1891, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of Missoula County bonds to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand (\$150,000) dollars, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of six (6) per centum per annum, interest payable semi-annually on the first days of January and July of each year. To bear date January 1st, 1892, and to be redeemable and payable in twenty (20) years after said date. To be issued in denominations of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, and to be sold at not less than par value.

These bonds are to be issued for the purpose of refunding the present floating indebtedness of the County.

The population of Missoula County is 16,000. Assessed valuation for 1891, \$8,815,850. Rate of tax limited to —. The bonded indebtedness of the county, exclusive of this issue, is \$139,750. Amount of floating indebtedness September 1st, 1891, \$172,171.31. Total present debt, \$344,921.31.

Bids will be received up to the 7th day of December, 1891, 10 A. M.

A certified check, payable to the order of the County Clerk, for the sum of \$2,500 must accompany each bid, as an evidence of good faith, said amount to be forfeited by the successful bidder in the event of refusal to take bonds.

D. D. BOGART, County Clerk, Missoula County, Mont.

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LADIES' & CHILDREN'S FURNISHING DEPT.
Misses' and Children's Plain and Fur-Trimmed Long Coats and Jackets.

CHILDREN'S & MISSES' SUITS AND DRESSES.
Ladies' Silk Skirts, Ladies' Wrappers, House and Tea-Gowns.

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BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.

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Best Champagne that can be Produced in America.

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This wine is used in nearly every New York and Brooklyn hospital, and also in many hospitals of the principal cities in the United States, because of its purity and strengthening qualities, as well as price.

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Major's Cement
for repairing china, glassware, furniture, vases, toys, meerschaum, books, tipping billiard cues, etc., 15 and 25 Cts. Major's Leather and Rubber Cement, 15 Cents. Major's best Liquid Glue, for repairing wood, 10 cents.
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Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.

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